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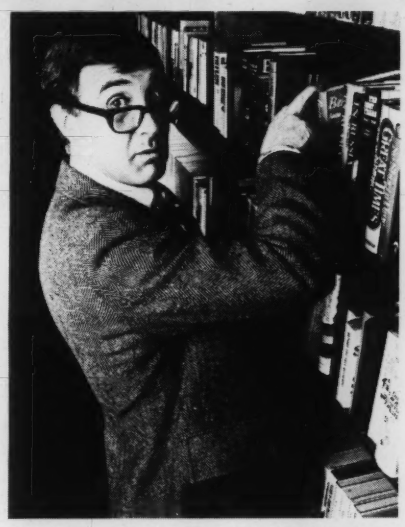

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On the Cover

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In Manhattan's Washington Square, a man steps into the dried-up fountain, looks up at the flagpole and checks his watch: 5:15p.m. At this moment, a man in California speaks into a tape recorder: "The first image I got was of a cement depression—a dry fountain with a cement post in the center. . . . There seemed to be pigeons off to the right. . . . " Parapsychology has come a long way from Uri Geller's bent spoons. Today its disciples, which include NASA and the CIA, are bending minds and exploring the secrets of time and space.
by CAROL CALDWELL

Cover art by Neal Adams/ Continuity Studios

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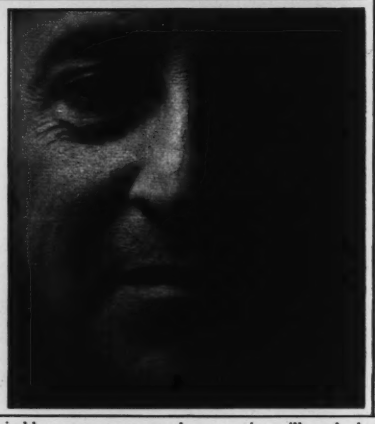

Paul Mazursky has come a long way—from playing a juvenile delinquent in *The Blackboard Jungle* to making movies that show an amused understanding, if not celebration, of the middle class. And the man still doesn't know what "commercial" means.
by RICHARD CORLISS

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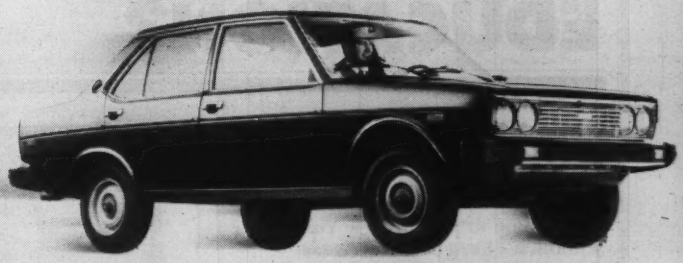

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Academia/by Rob Fleder

WHAT'S THE OPPOSITE OF EDUCATION?

Education, according to Mark Twain, is not as sudden as a massacre, but it is more deadly in the long run. In light of what has lately come to pass in New York City's schools, it's hard to disagree.

The first scent of a scandal in the city's school system became apparent late last year when Peter O'Brien, then president of the principals and supervisors union, charged that many of New York's public schools were being run by functional illiterates who "couldn't read, write or speak a minimum standard of English."

To substantiate his charges, O'Brien produced copies of handwritten correspondence penned by various overseers of the city's schoolchildren. One principal, in a routine report on a teacher's classroom performance, offered these mystifying comments:

"[She] spent most of her time in her desk while the children were standing up in front of her for the checking of the work. . . .The teacher should move within the children to help them instead of staying on her desk and wait for the children to line them up and correct the work."

One can only pity the poor teacher, confronted as she was with the grave existential question of whether to remain inside her desk or move within the children. But she was hardly the only victim of reports that read like bad translations of surreal Japanese novels. Among the examples of pedagogical prose culled from O'Brien's files were the following tidbits of polyglot:

- "I will like you to accompany this children to Junior High School 60 on Friday."
- "Did you notified the main office earlier?"
- "Are all your childring receaving practice for MAT [math aptitude test] regarless of math program in which the mygh be involved."
- "The math work should be different for certain children that are above the group and for others that are below the group. . . .the curriculum that you are providing don't satisfy the needs of some of your students."

O'Brien's disclosures, though star-

ILLUSTRATION BY CAROL GILLOTT

tling to the general public, were nothing new to key school officials. As far back as 1974, in fact, the union chief had written a "strictly confidential" letter to the lord of the city's schools, Chancellor Irving Anker, naming six illiterate principals. At that time, the chancellor responded to O'Brien's charges with a rhetorical dodge that would have made Ron Ziegler blush.

"Among the new supervisors," Anker said of the principals who couldn't string together a coherent sentence, "there may be a lesser demonstration of formal academic standards."

Although all six of the principals named in his letter were eventually fired, O'Brien was not appeased. Last December he renewed his attack; this time around, his broadside was only the first in a series of revelations that was too bizarre not to be true.

Soon after O'Brien's charges hit print, a splashy front-page story in the *New York Post* revealed, in delicious detail, that some of the city's children were being taught the rudiments of reading and writing by bungling illiterates. It seems that a canny parent had discovered something amiss in his daughter's second-grade classroom when the child came home with an assignment that included such stumpers as "What is the opposite of frog?" and "What is the opposite of apple?"

When the daughter's teacher was questioned about the assignment during Open School Week, the *Post* reported, she told the dumbfounded father what any second-grader—let alone an educated man—ought to know: The opposite of frog is tadpole. The girl has since been transferred to a private school. Her teacher, however, remains in the public system.

The *Post*'s real-life horror story of a single incompetent teacher might have been dismissed as a fluke, had it not been for Louis Yavner, a member of the State Board of Regents, who declared that there were hundreds of illiterate and illegally hired teachers in the city's classrooms. The charges sent education officials scurrying to protect their turf. Predictable denials were issued, calling Yavner's statement "intemperate, misinformed and incorrect."

The education committee of the State Assembly convened hearings in January. Those hearings did little to clear the air. What has emerged, in fact, is new evidence of graft, political patronage and illegal hiring practices that enabled hordes of unqualified educators to slip into the city's schools.

Under state law, virtually all prospective teachers in the city must undergo a series of licensing tests and interviews administered by the Board of Examiners, which has no direct authority to hire anyone. It simply determines which candidates are best qualified and weeds out what one examiner calls "degenerates, non-readers and persons egregiously deficient in communication skills."

But according to documents recently compiled by the Board's chairman, Ethel Fitzgerald, that screening procedure has been systematically eroded by the executive director of the school system's division of personnel, Frank Arricale, who controls the actual hiring. Over the past two years, Arricale's office has appointed an estimated 4,000 teachers and administrators who either had failed to meet the Board of Examiners' minimum standards or had avoided the legal licensing process altogether.

Unfettered by the Board's merit system of hiring, Arricale was free to dole out jobs, worth more than $30 million a year in salaries, to whomever he chose. "What we have here," says one official, "are education pimps who are making a whore of our school system—at our kids' expense."

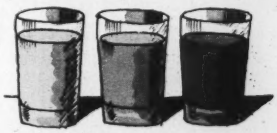
While the matter is under investigation by the Brooklyn district attorney's office, Arricale denies that his motives

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

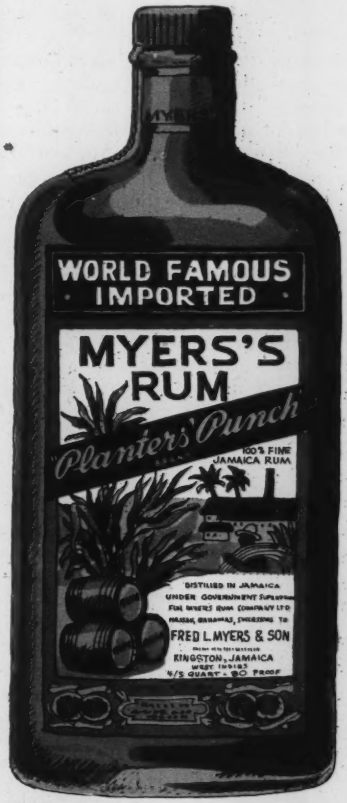
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

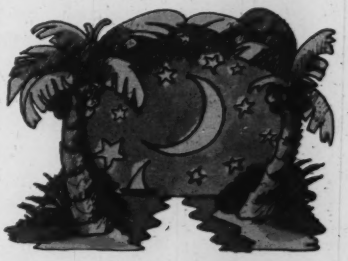
Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

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were venal or his actions illegal. What nobody denies any longer, though, is that there are a great many teachers in New York's schools who have no business being there.

Consider, for instance, an excerpt from an essay written for the Board of Examiners in 1972 by an applicant for a teaching license:

"In our Society," the candidate wrote, "it 'best' to control oneself when it come to sex. . . .This drive, which appear in man as well the lower form of animal, can turn the most meek creature into a warrior. . . .It then become a teacher and Parent jobs to teach the students the proper use of their sex organ."

Though the person who scrawled those words was immediately rejected by the Board of Examiners, he somehow found his way into the school system, where he continues to teach sex education.

Still, some of the well-trod paths that have bypassed the Board of Examiners en route to teaching jobs are now thoroughly mapped out. Following one such path, about 250 applicants earned teaching licenses by taking a short-answer test of "general knowledge," administered by the division of personnel; the entire test was in Spanish. None of the applicants ever demonstrated an ability to speak, write or read English. Many are now at work as elementary school teachers.

Another recently discovered method of avoiding the Board's scrutiny might well be called the "Teach Now, Test Later" plan. Under this procedure, at least 139 teachers were assigned to classrooms by Arricale's office on the condition that they would later meet all the examining board's requirements. Fewer than 40 percent have done so, yet all continue to teach.

But the most common vehicle used is a document ironically called a "certificate of competency." Originally designed to license teachers of informal adult education courses, certificates of competency issued by Arricale's office have been used to place about 2,000 teachers and supervisors in jobs for which they often did not qualify.

"I must conclude," says Ethel Fitzgerald, "that those who implemented these illegal personnel practices . . . have converged on the hopelessness of our clients—the children of the City of New York—to achieve personal gain. The result is that we now have a large number of our school population who are being miseducated and in too many instances merely warehoused.

And while we are still in the dark as to the opposite of apple, we all know that warehousing is the opposite of education.●

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

The Noses Have It. An apology is owed to parts of New Jersey. In a piece about the Motel on the Mountain (*NT*, March 6, 1978), it was stated that heading north over the George Washington Bridge would bring you through "the worst of New Jersey." In fact, taking this route would provide a happy vista for eye and nose. The somewhat ugly and malodorous parts of the state actually lie on the northern end of the Lincoln Tunnel—and even there, in Hudson County, the smell has been improved. While we would still not recommend a family outing to the Secaucus dumps, *New Times* apologizes for this slight to New Jersey.

T.S., Delmore. In a review of James Atlas' *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* (*NT*, March 6, 1978), Geoffrey Wolff transferred ownership of some lines of verse from T.S. Eliot to Delmore Schwartz. From the woods of Vermont, Wolff writes: "This was no small confusion; it was dumb, and I regret it."

Half a cup, please! The evidence against coffee continues to mount up (*NT*, October 3, 1975). A new study conducted by a group of Vanderbilt University researchers demonstrates that the caffeine in just two or three cups will:

- Double the adrenaline output and cause a 75 percent jump in the hormone norepinephrine, which increases blood pressure and makes the individual feel high.
- Increase breathing rates by 20 percent.
- Increase blood pressure by 10 percent.
- Sharply increase the output of renin, a kidney enzyme suspected of contributing to high blood pressure or hypertension.
- Cause the heart rate to drop slightly at first, then increase after about an hour.

Interpreting their results cautiously, the researchers say they did not prove coffee to be hazardous to the average person, but they add that "the risk of coffee could be underestimated." They also believe the drink might be responsible for causing full-blown hypertension in people who otherwise would have only a mild, nonthreatening form of the condition.

Witness being held. Four years after the murder of Peter Reilly's mother, (*NT*, February 8, 1974), and about one month before a well-publicized CBS television movie about the case based on Joan Barthel's book, *A Death in Canaan*, a woman who had been involved from the beginning of the investigation contacted Peter Reilly to say that she had heard a man confess to the murder.

According to the *New York Times*, which reported this latest twist in one of America's more celebrated murder mysteries, police are now holding the woman in protective custody. In the words of one officer: "Because of her alleged statements at a place different from her normal place of residence." Excuse me?

What's erotic? In last issue's Insider, we set tongues to wagging—and drooling—with an item about Manhattan's new Erotic Bakery. Typically, we forgot to give the address, so here goes: 73 West 83rd Street. While we were checking, we asked one of the erotic bakers how things were going. "Business is terrific," she said, and then, by way of proving her point, she added that she and her colleagues had finished a cake for Liza Minnelli's birthday party, given by Halston. "Was it an erotic cake?" we asked. "It was an exact replica of Liza's poster for *The Act*," she replied. "That *sounds* erotic," we suggested. "Not really," she sighed.

More on Microwaves. Concerned citizens continue to mount their offensive against the potential dangers of microwaves. In our cover story of March 6, 1978, Scott Kaufer reported that the residents of Sandwich, Massachusetts, were demanding to know more about the $55 million PAVE PAWS installation, a microwave radar system for spotting submarine-launched ballistic missiles, at Otis Air Force Base. Shortly after our story ran, these same residents, through a group called the Cape Cod Environmental Coalition, filed suit in Federal District Court in Boston to halt further work on PAVE PAWS until the Air Force prepared an environmental impact statement on the installation's microwave radiation.

Kaufer's cover story also mentioned pending arbitration between the *New York Times* and the Newspaper Guild over the use of video display terminals in the newsroom. Two copy editors who contracted cataracts while working for the *Times* claimed that the terminals, which employ microwaves, were the cause. Last month, the arbitrator ruled that the *Times* could continue to use its display terminals, stating that the terminals do not cause cataracts, but leaving open the question of whether the copy editors were entitled to damages. Stay tuned for the PAVE PAWS decision.●

Panasonic introduces 24 ways to get hi-fi without the hassle.

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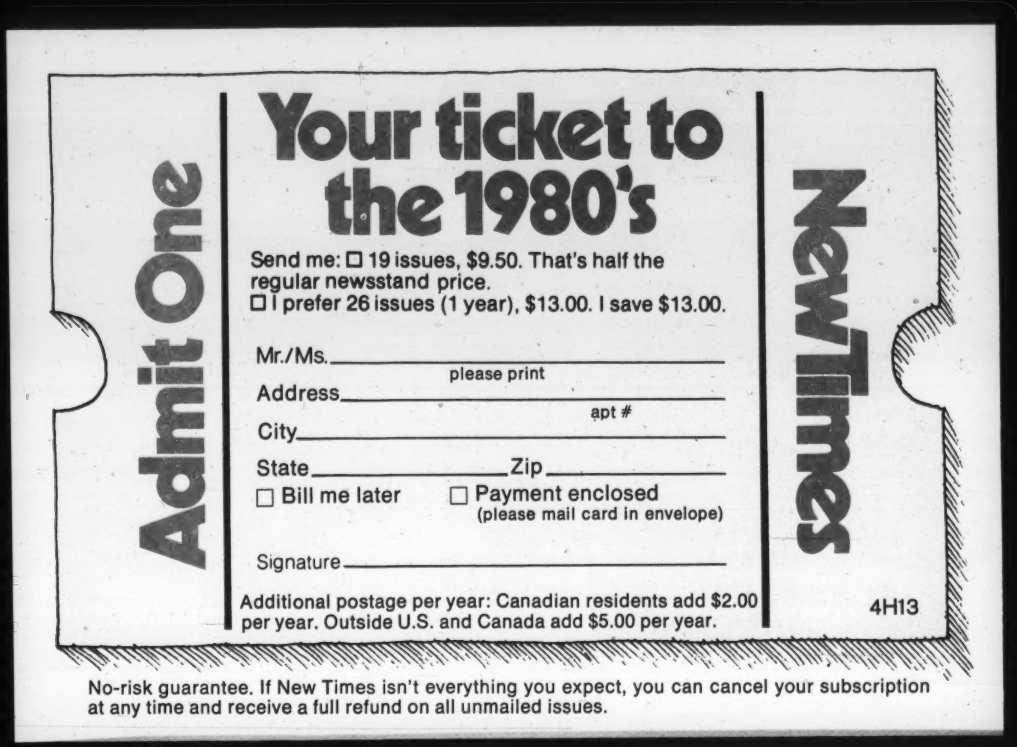
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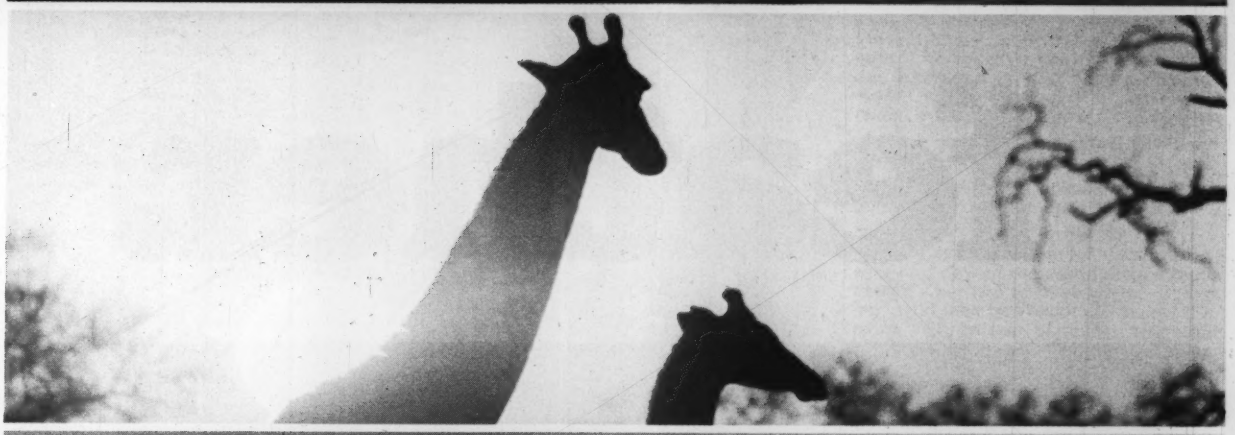

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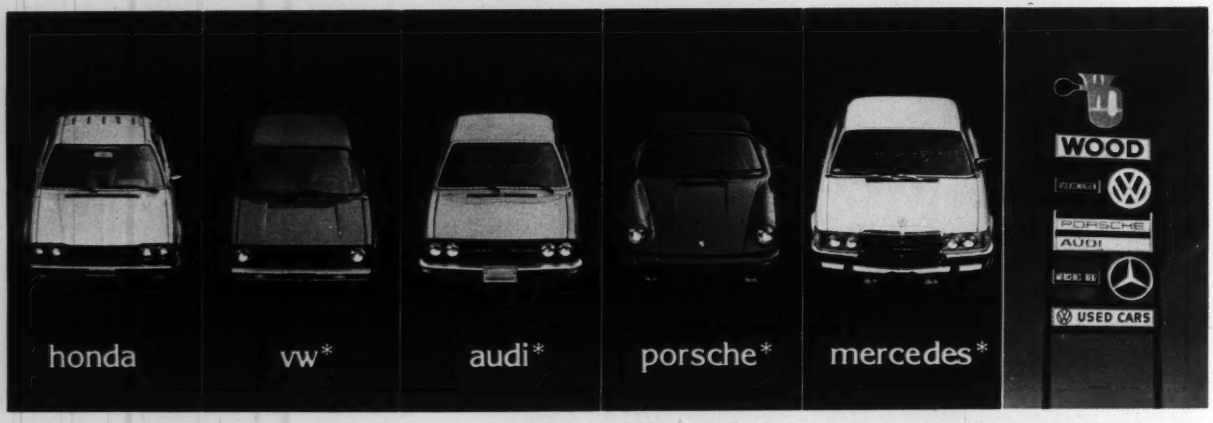

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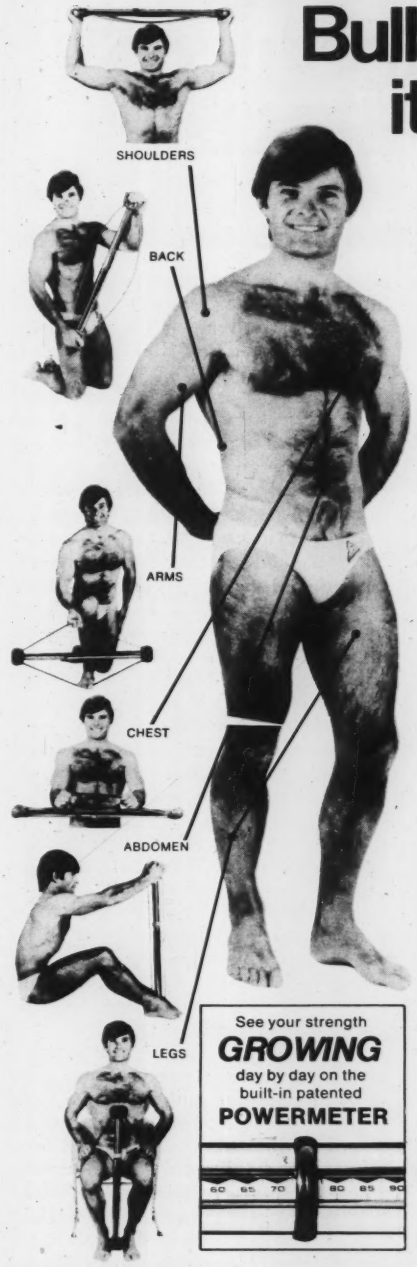

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BIDDING ADIEU TO MILDRED PIERCE

"I got 'em! I don't believe it! They were so cheap—I would have gone to six hundred dollars! One of them matches my mink coat *perfectly*!" Mrs. Stitch McCarthy had just purchased two mink turbans at an auction of rhinestone platform shoes, leather-bound scripts, gooey oil portraits, scatter rugs and monogrammed cocktail napkins, all from the Joan Crawford estate. (Crawford died May 10, 1977.) The auction was held one afternoon last month at the usually staid beige-on-beige Plaza Art Galleries on New York's East Side. But there was nothing staid about Mrs. McCarthy as she tumbled to the floor, ecstatic over her successful bid of $175 for the two turbans. She told reporters that her status as an ex-Hollywood press agent made her an especially ardent Crawford fan.

No more ardent than Gary Rogers, however. He had made *the* entrance at the auction, arriving shortly before noon in a leopard-skin jacket, black capri pants, a clingy black V-neck sweater augmented by awesome cleavage, heavy pancake and a teased platinum blond wig the size of a Volkswagen with the doors open. Rogers is a professional female impersonator, specializing in Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe and Dolly Parton. Ms. Crawford had seen him perform, and his admiration for her, he felt, had a majesty unequaled by the mere memorabilia dealers and curiosity seekers who filled the gallery. (Rogers spent most of the auction posing for cheesecake on a convenient staircase.)

The auction had started slowly with silverplate serving pieces and chipped china shepherdesses. A bag lady, identifying herself only as "Brooklyn Barbara," viewed each successive tea set and vase with disdain: "It's all junk. She musta had a lotta apartments. I got better garbage at home. It's like I read in the *Enquirer*—junk, just like all the Elvis stuff." The first ripple of excitement appeared as a pair of white ginger jar lamps with enormous parchment shades went for $400. "Those are *so* J.C.," whispered a young man in khaki pants, bomber jacket and crew cut. "I think Joan has come back as one of those lamps to check on the prices." A "signed shawl" was put on the block, but the gasps subsided as the auctioneer cautioned, "It's signed in Arabic—it could say Klein's for all I know."

At this point a little girl squeezed into the gallery (about 400 people were present at peak hours), repeating softly, "I'm an orphan. I'm an orphan," to anyone who would listen and to many who would not. She wore a maroon princess coat, an elaborate maroon suede hat, excessive pigtails and a fur muff; she was soon revealed as a glamour orphan—a member of the Broadway cast of *Annie*—rather than your standard please-sir-can-I-have-some-more model. Although only 12, she was a longtime Crawford fan, and she purchased a lamé sunburst bag and several chinchilla hats. "Hats are my trademark. Everyone at *Annie* calls me the orphan with the hats. I love Joan Crawford. I do impressions of her, and also Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn . . ." She and Gary Rogers both purchased pairs of shoes which Gary referred to as "Joan Crawford fuck-me pumps." Anyone whose shoes can be worn by orphan and impersonator alike truly deserves to be what becomes a legend most.

The shoes and purses were preceded by less personal items. Memo pads with monograms and the Pepsi Cola logo on them (Crawford was on the board of directors) went for well over $100, as did white vinyl shoulder-bag Pepsi coolers, engraved match books and two huge steamer trunks marked "J.C." A bound copy of the screenplay for *Mildred Pierce*, Crawford's Oscar-winning role, brought $625, but Gary Rogers snagged a copy of *Sudden Fear* for much less. Would Gary ever include Joan in his act? "You never know. She was a wonderful, generous woman. I'm sure she would be pleased by the turnout today and impressed by the prices. I'm waiting for the eyelashes."

The eyelashes. Item 220. Everyone was waiting for them. Eighty pairs in individual plastic cases. A dealer from Greenwich Village suggested that they be auctioned one pair at a time: "That

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

A one-woman objets d'art

way everyone could have a lash. Gay men could wear them on their belts as sexual mating signals." "I bet they're so big you could use them as toast racks," his companion suggested. The lashes eventually were captured by Donald Eggena, who runs an apartment cleaning service. He had written to Ms. Crawford 10 years ago in search of a secretarial position. He didn't get the job, but their subsequent friendship produced five handwritten letters and a pastel portrait. He plans to keep the lashes (for which he paid $325) for 10 years, and then sell them for a profit.

The large assortment of almost 300 pairs of shoes and matching handbags was broken up into smaller lots. The crowd went wild over a pair of mules with transparent tops and neon blue heels; a young woman in vintage Crawford shoulder pads, seamed stockings and veil, sighed, "I want to *be* those shoes." The presentation of several hot pink picture hats drew applause; a gallery employee who helped bring the items to the podium for inspection decided to wear one of the hats on top of his Afro.

Various housecoats and day dresses were sold (all encrusted with enormous rhinestones), as were shimmering bathrobes that could slash tires (a woman who owned several pairs of pink sequined opera gloves could hardly be expected to appear at breakfast in an old flannel wrapper). The fashion presentation culminated in sil-

ver foxes and a black sequined Balenciaga cocktail dress, classic and exquisite, despite an accessory that appeared to be a matching black sequined rain hat.

The auctioneer halted the proceedings briefly before going on to Crawford's books: "Don't forget, on April 20 we will be auctioning items from the estate of Gypsy Rose Lee, including the first G-string she ever wore." The Crawford library included everything from gift sets of *Remembrance of Things Past* to the collected works of Rod McKuen and Pearl Bailey. One gentleman in an Archie Andrews argyle sweater and bow tie sought only a set of fan magazines with Crawford on the cover. "If I bought something personal, like the eyelashes or the handkerchiefs," he said, "I'd feel like a vulture. I think this event lacks the dignity Joan always personified." An autograph book containing many celebrities' personal messages to Joan brought the top price of the day: $2,800 from a confidential customer bidding over the phone.

Final items included various Crawford portraits ranging from canvases depicting her at her most eternally stricken (bug-eyed looks of deep sorrow seemingly executed in Gleem toothpaste) to a positively cheerful Cecil Beaton photograph. Edith Head costume sketches were especially popular. The sale concluded with many of Crawford's favorite paintings, such as a Keane oil of two Parisian urchins and their poodle, all with enormous round eyes. Ms. Crawford's extensive paint-by-number collection was not included in the day's objets d'art.

Why did Gary, and the orphan, and Brooklyn Barbara, and everybody else hunger so for Crawford's monogrammed washcloths—for Crawford's *anything*? Joan Rahe, a handsome woman in a fur coat, summed it up by recalling her first glimpse of Crawford: "She was the first movie star I ever saw when I was growing up. She represented glamour and sophistication. I always wanted to sit in my swan-shaped bathtub and talk on a white telephone, just like Joan."

One despondent fan (he had lost out on the eyelashes, the shoes and the hats) put it another way. "Joan knew life. Joan knew what it was like to lose a man. But she found an answer: When you are in the absolute pits, put on a mink turban, shoulder pads and platform shoes that glow in the dark and go out. Nobody's going to mess around with you then." He paused for a moment. "You wouldn't catch a crowd like this if they were auctioning off Hubert Humphrey's turbans. God, I hope they kept a pair of those shoes to bury her in."●

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Keep the Percy Faith: When she was asked what kind of music Jerry Brown enjoys, Linda Ronstadt explained: "He likes the kind of music they play in elevators."

CHUCK PULIN

The Insider

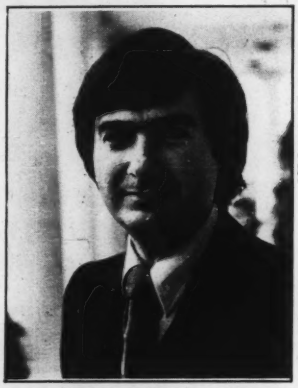
The liaisons go rolling along

How Mark Siegel Left the White House Without Really Trying

There is this theory about the resignation of White House Jewish point-man Mark Siegel: If he hadn't been walking outside Washington's Sheraton-Carlton Hotel as a huddle of reporters were exiting from a Sperling breakfast, Siegel might still be a presidential assistant, of sorts.

Robert Strauss, Carter's chief navigator on difficult questions and Siegel's mentor, had been chatting over cold eggs about the Administration's Mideast strategy and Siegel's role in selling the bill of goods to American Jews. As Strauss was getting into his car and the reporters were heading back to the office, they spotted Siegel. They asked him how the job was going. Siegel, who loves to talk, said it was gone; he allowed to the fact that he was the *ex*-Jewish point-man.

Headlines the next day told of Siegel resigning his Mideast explanatory role (it was one week after he'd been booed at a UJA meeting and one week before Menachem Begin's Washington arrival) for "personal" reasons. Siegel, a religious Jew, had told his boss, Hamilton Jordan, several days after the UJA encounter, of his inability to justify the Mideast policy. Siegel intended, however, to stay on, doing other things.



OFFICIAL WHITE HOUSE PHOTO

Siegel: Lemon aide

But the more Siegel talked to reporters panting after a "public break with the President" story, the more it became clear Carter's inner sanctum didn't want, or need, him. A little more than 24 hours after he'd blurted his tale on the sidewalk outside the Sheraton-Carlton, Siegel was composing his complete resignation letter. Twenty-four hours after that, he saw the President. He got a cordial meeting but no new job offer.

For the liberals, who scorned Siegel for his non-ideological Democratic politics, his resignation on a matter of "conscience" was something of an irony. There was immediate talk on the party reform circuit that Siegel had been asked, even before the UJA meeting, to ease himself out of the White House, that the "personal reasons" were master press strategist Siegel orchestrating an elegant departure. Jordan and Siegel insisted, of course, it wasn't so. But once Siegel had said something, it was clear he had to elaborate or embarrass himself.

Siegel says he had been misled by national security boss, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and in particular by Zbig's assistant, Jessica Tuchman, on two crucial points of the Carter Mideast arms package. He was told the 60 F-15s being sold to Saudi Arabia were defensive weapons and that the Saudi Arabian airfield, Tabuk, 125 miles from Israel, was a civilian airfield.

By some simple reading, Siegel discovered the F-15 is an offensive weapon and that Tabuk is a military, as well as a civilian, installation. Showing fellow Jews that he was so misinformed was, for Siegel, like putting his head inside the lion's mouth.

Siegel had had plenty of time to brood. As a deputy assistant for policy analysis, he didn't have that much to *do*. Talking up a Mideast policy he couldn't hack was not totally time-consuming. He was, notes a longtime colleague, waiting around for third-rate political assignments, meddling in the affairs of his old stamping ground, the Democratic National Committee.

Siegel, a New Yorker—not a Georgian—said this in February 1977 after he'd been in his White House job only a month: "The first two weeks were exciting for me, but it's like reading *The Great Gatsby* for the second time. You'll always love it, but it's never like the *first* time." He was a faded but still lovely aide of 31.

—Jane Perlez

Politics

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

Blue Collar, No Carter: Jimmy Carter, who's having a rough month by anybody's accounts, was smashed by Senator Edward M. Kennedy in a United Auto Workers poll, by a 4:1 ratio; according to Detroit sources, Jerry Brown beat Carter among auto workers by a 2:1 spread. •

LARRY A. SCHOTT

Meeting of Heads: After months of avoidance actions, Peter Bensinger, chief of the Drug Enforcement Administration agreed to meet with Keith Stroup, head of NORML. Stroup asked Bensinger if he would join Jimmy Carter, William Buckley and the American Bar Association and endorse decriminalization of marijuana. Pot Proponent was told by Drug Enforcer: No. But, Bensinger said, "Pot smokers should not go to jail." Stroup also asked about the DEA's culpability in the herbicide spraying program of Mexican marijuana fields which, it's feared, could burn American lungs out. Bensinger said to blame it on the State Department. •

Protecting Us From the Truth

Army Corps of Engineers Lied on $400 Million of Tenn-Tom Costs

Seven years after Richard Nixon dedicated the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway as part of his Southern Strategy, there's evidence that the Army Corps of Engineers early in the building process withheld cost data that they knew could have stumped the project. According to an unpublished study ordered by the Secretary of the Army, the Corps in 1974 kept secret a $400 million increase in the cost of the 253-mile series of dams and lakes.

The cost of the project—meant to join the Tennessee and Tombigbee rivers and provide a continuous inland water route from Paducah, Kentucky, to Mobile, Alabama—has reached $1.8 billion. Its opponents have always been loud, charging, in reams of reports, that the project will cause environmental damage, that few of its benefits will go to the large poor populations on the rivers' banks, that the canal freighting will kill local railroad business, and that the Tenn-Tom will not recover its cost in benefits.

Their protests were apparently considered dangerous.

The study, which was completed by the Army Audit Agency (AAA) in 1976, says that the Corps reported a $100 million increase instead of a $400 million increase (thus showing a cost estimate of $815 million instead of $1.15 billion). The intent of the over-discretion was, the study says, "to reduce the 'emotional impact' of any cost increase and to negate the effect that the increase would have on the benefit/cost/ratio"—and thus on public funding during the important formative years of the project.

The study, which has not been released to either Congress or the public, also reported that the federal government may have to pick up an additional $385 million in costs before the first barge noses its way down the canal. The AAA found that Alabama and Mississippi may not be able to pay for their shares of the project ($170 million) and that certain sections on the lower portion of the Tomigbee River may have to be widened—to the tune of $215 million.

—Bill Bishop

Haldeman Linked to Son of Sam Case

Debra Jenkins, a legal secretary from New York City, is trying to make sure that convicted Watergate conspirators (H.R. Haldeman, in particular) aren't allowed to make millions from the sale of book, movie and television rights to the stories of their criminal acts. Jenkins has filed suit in New York State Supreme Court to prevent H.R. Bob from making any money from *The Ends of Power*, his fond memoirs of the Nixon White House. "The time for him to come clean was during the Watergate hearings," Jenkins says. "A criminal should not be able to profit from his criminality. Profits should go to the victims: the American people."

Truer words never sputtered: Haldeman's acts "demoralized and demeaned Americans," Jenkins says. They're "getting ripped off twice." Her suit asks that all profits from the sale of *The Ends of Power* be paid to the General Treasury of the United States."

When Lonn Berney, Jenkins' boss, heard of her plan to file suit, he agreed to represent the case for free. "If there's such a thing as pristine outrage, this is it," he says. The case will draw heavily on New York State's "Son of Sam" law, passed last year in reaction to the spasmodic greed of David Berkowitz' lawyers in attempts to sell the mad murderer's story. The law makes it illegal for criminals to profit from the "story" of their deeds, and permits victims to " bring a civil action in court and recover a money judgment."

WIDE WORLD

Jenkins: Bristles at the Brush

Though there are federal laws barring politicians from accepting valuable gifts, there's no statute preventing a convict from selling his story. In 1977, Representative B.F. Sisk (D-Cal.) proposed the creation of a Crime Victim Assistance Fund, based on the "Son of Sam" law and designed to plug a loophole through which many Watergate criminals had moved to make fortunes: The legislation stipulates criminals would be unable to profit from the "written, oral or other representation or description" of their crime; profits would be handed over to the attorney general for deposit in the Crime Victim Assistance Fund. Debra Jenkins is all in favor. "We've started a grass roots movement," says she. "People are fed up. They're boycotting the book."

—Debra Jenkins

Yankees go home

How the President Plagues Saint Simons Island

At Murphy's Tavern on Saint Simons Island, Georgia, *Gong Show* contestant George Oddo wails "Wasting Away in Margaritaville" at least once a

night, and most of the regulars at the bar will tell you it's the island's theme song. And not for no reason. As a matter of fact, two of Carter's Secret Service men may very well be humming the same tune, while *they* waste away in Oklahoma, where they were transferred. It seems they were swilling away at Murphy's during Carter's January visit and, while Oddo sang, someone broke into their locked car and ripped off their equipment. Federal agents recovered the missing pistols and credentials in bushes near Murphy's a few weeks later, but the handcuffs and walkie-talkie are still missing, and the crystals on all other Secret Service communications equipment—tuned to the same frequency—had to be changed.

Carter's frequent R&R hiatuses on the island are providing other frustrations for locals, quite apart from the bored Secret Service. After his January sojourn at Reynolds tobacco heir Smith Bagely's Musgrove Plantation Estate, the Presidential motorcade left Saint Simons for the mainland airport during the height of afternoon rush hour, blocking traffic on the two-lane causeway for over half an hour before the Carter parade even appeared, doing all it could to make sure lots of things in life aren't fair. •

Reviewing Rod McCohen

Political Poetry Is to Poetry As Military Music Is to . . .

Congressman William S. Cohen (D-Me.) is young, graceful, handsome and on the rise, so it was clear he had to seek *some* way to blemish himself. He published a book of poems (*Of Sons and Seasons*, Simon and Schuster, $6.95) destined, if Cohen goes anywhere politically, to become a classic. Some of the poems aren't so bad, but some of them—are *impressively* bad. Anyone with this kind of driving yen to expose and flagellate himself should clearly run for national office. It's sad that we haven't had a real poet as a public figure since Richard Nixon, a man so full of rhythm and imagery that he spoke in verse unintentionally: "How the hell/Does Liddy stand up so well" and "After all, I'm the President/and I'm going to get on with it/and meet Italians/and Germans/and all these others."

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Cohen-head: "Putrid smell"

Cohen's poems fully match any previous politician's rhythms. Describing Jimmy Carter's Inauguration, the Bard of Bangor wrote:

Trumpets blared, drums beat,
throngs were brought
to their feet.

In his "Song of Song My," Cohen evokes the great Warner Oland:

In the village of Song My
Walked G.I. Joe
Searching for the Foe
Looking for the Foe, Joe.

Perhaps most triumphantly, Cohen sings of the Wayne Hays scandal in "The Gates of Hays," which climaxes with the People's Plea:

"Resign, Mr. Chairman, before
the putrid smell
infects all in this chamber as well."

Stinko. •

The Marston Chronicles

Captured by Reaganites

Whether or not the Carter Administration foresaw the political eventualities is now academic: Within almost no time after he was lifted from his U.S. Attorney's duties, David Marston (*NT: February 20*) was running for the Republican nomination for governor of Pennsylvania, and being run by Reaganites. That's what happens. Marston used to work for Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker, who, though he may already be a trivia question (he was Ronald Reagan's 1976 pre-convention running mate), still has good connections with the Ronnie camp. Kingfish among captains in that camp is political wizard John Sears, who originally wanted Schweiker to run for governor, then turned to Dave ("FIRED") Marston. Sears sees installing Marston as the first step toward capturing and controlling the Pennsylvania delegation to the 1980 GOP convention, where Reagan is expected to once more be a candidate to run against Jimmy Carter—this time with Pennsylvania, and the implicit morality in Dave's engaging face, indicting the Democrats.

WIDE WORLD

Marston: Sears and no bucks

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Brown Plays the Nuke Box And Wins in Big Kern County

California's nuclear industry, locked in mortal combat with Governor Jerry Brown, has suffered yet another setback—this one at the hands of some of the most conservative elements in the state. On March 7, the voters of Kern County—a rural area 10 miles northeast of L.A.—turned down in a referendum a $6.4 billion nuclear project proposed by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power.

STEPHANIE MAZE/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Brown: Triumph in disguise

Besides being the largest nuclear facility ever proposed on the continent, the proposed plant, known as the San Joaquin Nuclear Project, is key to current atomic strategy in California, which is to line the rural valley areas with plants in order to supply the energy appetites of the state's crowded coastal regions. "People don't want those things in their own backyards," a top DWP official admitted.

The vote, which went against the plant by better than a 2:1 margin, is a major victory for Jerry Brown, who watched the results with interest. Brown, who has been carrying out an anti-nuclear energy policy in direct contradiction to Carter's atomic fixations, stayed out of the referendum, the first ever held on a local level, until the returns came in. Then he called up the local office of the San Joaquin Agricultural Protection Council, the 700-member farmer group which led the opposition to the plant. The usually short-winded Jerry unwound to the farmers for almost 15 minutes. "He talked to us longer than he did to the Legislature when he gave his State of the State Address," said one overjoyed farmer.

While the Kern county election has national implications, both for the nuclear industry and for the Brown-Carter energy strategy riff, it is perhaps even more important to the tenant farmers and growers of the San Joaquin, who, usually on the rabid right of things, have turned into anti-nuclear zealots. "The whole thing means we're going to keep the San Joaquin Valley agricultural," said farmer leader James Payne, a pot-bellied Okie. "The nuclear industry's dead in the valley. They're scared as hell."

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, the DWP is licking its wounds. "It's time to re-evaluate our plans," admitted Ed Freudenberg, DWP's spokesman. Sources inside the utility, however, admit they have been defeated and must seek other sources of energy, which is exactly what Brown and the valley farmers want them to do.•

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—Paul Nelson, Rolling Stone

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INSIDER SPECIAL REPORT

HEARTS AND MINES

ARNOLD MILLER'S PERILOUS ASCENT

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

When he swept into the presidency of the United Mine Workers just over five years ago, people couldn't say enough good things about Arnold Miller. He was everyone's favorite labor leader, the "dirty-fingernailed idealist," as one national commentator put it, who had thrown out "Tough Tony" Boyle and his gang of rascals. A new day was dawning for the American labor movement, and Arnold Miller was pointing the way. From now on, miners would get their just due, the mines would be safe, corruption banished, democracy restored. With the "quiet, determined Mountain Man" at the helm, you could depend on it.

That was yesterday. Today, two rejected contracts and years of bitterness and wildcat strikes later, the "revolution" Arnold Miller wrought lies in shambles. As these words are being written, the United Mine Workers are entering the hundredth day of the longest and most divisive strike in their history; and, though hopes are once again high that the newest proposal will be accepted, a petition drive is nevertheless under way to recall the man who was "flinty as steel, hard as anthracite." "It's very sad," says Joe Rauh, the Washington attorney who helped put together the movement that elected Arnold Miller. "Tragic, really. It was all there, and now it's gone." A former follower, one of the bright young aides he brought to Washington in late 1972, is less kind. "Miller is just like Tony Boyle," he says. "Only he hasn't murdered anyone yet. He doesn't have the guts."

What happened to Arnold Miller?

A lot of things, and none of them good. He was not the shining light everyone thought he was, back in those heady days when the Miners for Democracy, founded by the friends and heirs of Jock Yablonski, the reform leader Tony Boyle had ordered murdered, was shaking the American labor movement to its foundations. Very few people knew anything about him—only that he had worked in the mines, suffered from black lung and commanded a small following from his leadership of a group pressing for black lung benefits.

Had it not been for his name, plain and Anglo-Saxon, the MFD's choice for the presidency might well have been Mike Trbovich, a popular Clarksville, Pennsylvania, miner and former Yablonksi campaign manager, who, on the eve of the balloting, seemed to have a virtual lock on the nomination. At least Arnold Miller seemed to think so, for the night before the votes were cast, he came to Trbovich and pledged his support. Trbovich recalls: "We shook hands on it all round. It was all set. I was going to be president, Arnold vice-president and Harry [Patrick, a mine mechanic from West Virginia] secretary-treasurer. Arnold left the room, and I went to bed. The next thing I knew, he was being nominated for president."

In the interval Miller had met with a number of reformers, including Ken and Joseph ("Chip") Yablonksi, Jr., Jock's sons, and had begun to talk politics. The ethnicity of Trbovich's name, they feared, would hurt the reform ticket in the southern states. Something else was at work as well. As one of the leaders who engineered Miller's nomination put it: "Frankly, they thought that Arnold would be an easier guy to handle than Mike."

It proved a fatal mistake. Miller and his staff had hardly settled into their new offices when the sniping from Trbovich began. With the help of the union's executive board, still dominated by Boyle supporters, Trbovich succeeded in stripping Miller of many of his powers. Budgets were cut back, organizing curtailed and limits placed even on Miller's ability to hire secretaries. Finally, the fighting broke into the open in 1975, when the board, egged on by Trbovich, voted 14 to 6 to call a special convention to determine whether Miller ought to be removed from office. Miller declared the vote unconstitutional, but that did not put an end to the rebellion. Next, Trbovich filed a formal complaint with the Labor Department, charging Miller and the union's other officers with mismanagement of funds. "We're not saying anyone is stealing," Trbovich told reporters. "We want the government to say that." The four-month investigation that followed cleared Miller, but by then the UMW's leadership was in chaos.

The rest of Arnold Miller's wounds, including the most brutal ones, were purely self-inflicted. Days would pass, sometimes weeks, with Miller mysteriously gone from the office, invariably just as major decisions had to be made. Only later did his staff discover where he had been. Oftentimes he was off hunting and fishing, or basking in the company of such notables as George Wallace, a new-found friend who put him up at a state-owned hunting lodge, or Jay Rockefeller, on whose ranch Miller stayed for two weeks during the 1974 coal negotiations. The bulk of his time away from the office, however, was spent in his hometown, Charleston, West Virginia, reportedly in the company of a young widow (whom Miller identified as a researcher) in the Heart-of-Town Motel. According to Jack Anderson, who revealed Miller's Charleston excursions in December 1976, Miller made a total of 33 trips to Charleston, racking up hotel bills and per diem costs of $2,600 and travel expenses of $2,300, all of which were charged to the union.

Meanwhile, the campaign for mine safety was lagging, and the union was losing one organizing drive after another. Wildcat strikes had become an epidemic, and, with the resultant fines and hefty cuts in the companies' contributions to its health and pension plan, the union was being drained of millions of dollars. Through it all, Arnold Miller was nowhere to be found. During the short-lived coal strike of 1974, when the White House summoned both sides to one late-night emergency session, Miller could not be reached. The story around union headquarters had it that, overwhelmed by the crisis, he had been out on the Washington Beltway, driving in circles. True or not, the story was widely believed and became a symbol of Miller's inability to cope.

His staff, protective at first, began to grow restive. They were reluctant to challenge him directly, since, for all his idiosyncracies (such as his insistence that they address him as "*President* Miller"), Miller

had accomplished much. Corruption had been eliminated, and the union, once the most autocratic in the whole of organized labor, was nothing if not democratic. Despite the problems in 1974, he had negotiated the richest contract in the union's history. But there were almost daily crises now, and it was hard to engage him. Sensitive about his lack of formal education, Miller bristled when one of his college-educated aides disputed his judgment.

"If there was trouble, he didn't want to hear about it," says one of his former aides. "If you had another point of view, he regarded it as a threat." Adds a former officer: "I sent him dozens of memos, and I don't think he read one. The only thing he read that came across his desk was the latest copy of *Field and Stream*." As the staff's frustration grew, so did its contempt. "Arnold's a goddamn idiot," one of them complained at a meeting during one of Miller's many absences. "Yeah," another replied ruefully, "but he's *our* goddamn idiot."

Aware of the rising discontent, Miller began firing dissenters. Surviving key aides, fed up with the mania, began quitting. Few were replaced. The new men Miller did hire were of a decidedly different cast than the people Rauh described as "the best, most idealistic group I have ever had the pleasure to work with." When one official inquired about the dubious qualifications of one replacement, Miller snapped: "He's loyal to me."

Harry Patrick, Miller's running mate in 1972, had had deep misgivings about him for years, but, until 1976, kept his opposition muted in the interests of union loyalty. The breaking point came when Miller asked for his support in the upcoming elections. Patrick refused, and Miller thereupon informed him that he would not be permitted to travel on union business without his personal authorization. Miller also had the locks on the headquarters changed, so that Patrick could not come into the building on weekends or after hours.

It has been all downhill from there. Miller entered the current negotiations only weeks after winning re-election—with a bare 40 percent of the vote. His new, personally selected vice-president is a former Boyle supporter named Sam Church, who has a case pending against him for assault: He allegedly punched a union staffer suspected of disloyalty to Miller. Still fearful of plots from within his own membership, Miller has taken to tucking a .38-caliber revolver in his belt. He has moved out of Washington to a hideaway in the Virginia suburbs, where, he has told friends, it is "more secure." When he travels to the coalfields now, bodyguards go with him to insure that security. The president's Cadillac limousine, sold off in 1973 as a symbol of the union's callous extravagance, has returned. The times have changed, and Arnold Miller has changed with them. A month ago, he went to Charleston to confront the vice-president of his home local, which, like so many others, has been calling for his resignation. "I don't like what you have been saying about me," Miller told the offending official, then allegedly looked on while a companion roughed him up.

"You have to understand Arnold," a friend tries to explain. "He is a sick man. It's not just the black lung. Its arthritis, bleeding ulcers and a blood pressure that would kill a horse. The man suffers every day. And now it's worse than ever. He thinks that all his friends have turned against him, that no one appreciates the good that he has done... You've got to understand."

You try to, and you want to, because, with all his flaws, Arnold Miller is a good and decent man, and, for his presence, the holes down which men go to light our lights are better places today. But in the end, you are left like Joe Rauh, feeling sad about it all. "You could say that democracy has failed," a former union official muses. "You could say that, but you'd be wrong. Democracy didn't fail. It was the man that failed."

—Robert Sam Anson

Minn. kampf

Films About Nazi Perverts Unpopular in Minnesota

On March 3, the University of Minnesota film society ran the late Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salo, or The 120 Days of Sodom*. Three legislators walked into the university auditorium showing the picture and watched about 20 minutes of it; then they left.

The walkouts weren't the problem: lots of people would want to walk out of *Salo*, a movie which adoring reviewers called "disgusting" and "repulsive." (Taken from a work by de Sade, and reset in Italy during World War II, the film essentially explores the use by four powerful fascists of a group of innocent adolescents on whom they attempt to sate their unspeakably demented appetites.) The problem came when the legislators began to threaten the university to the point at which the head of the film society got a call from a university official with the inevitable bell toll:

Seventies

"Sorry, but we'll have to close you down."

The film society head refused to stop showings and threatened to sue the university. After a scramble of conferences, university president C. Peter McGrath issued a decision that *Salo* would continue to appall crowds at his institution.

Sunday night, Representative Ken McDonald, a former American Legion District commander (who in the sixties had been chastized by his state commander for *excess* enthusiasm in hunting alleged communists) returned to the auditorium, accompanied by two policemen and a television camera, to make a citizen's arrest of the student film society head. His grounds were a Minnesota statute banning the showing of child pornography for profit. The county attorney's office refused to prosecute. McDonald declared war: Not only has he proposed forming a legislative committee to study possible restrictions on "publicly owned" university facilities, but he says he'll try to cut the film society's grant from the Minnesota State Arts board and try to amend state laws to stiffen penalties for showing pornography. It's a pleasure to know that Babbitry still thrives and burbles in Minnesota.

—Patty Goodwin

***Salo*: In heat**

Pig War in Philadelphia

Rizzo Attempts to Blockade Africa Cult

© LEIF SKOOGFORS 1978/W. CAMP

MOVE family: Africaners

Frank Rizzo couldn't have built himself a more ideal vortex of radicalism and weirdness against which to rampage than MOVE. During the last 10 months, the militant "back to nature" tribe has been in confrontation with the Mayor and the Philadelphia Police Department for a strange and tense marathon.

Encamped in a freezing tenement near the University of Pennsylvania, MOVE has assembled an arsenal of bombs, handguns and automatic weapons, and has made attempts to obtain an atomic bomb. Rizzo and the police have demanded that they surrender the weapons—some of which they've brandished openly—submit to a police search of their headquarters and allow the arrest of several MOVE members for various offenses. MOVE won't budge.

The group has its own rules, and no inclination to accommodate Philadelphia's. They've declared themselves anti-drug, though it's said they sold a cache to buy their weapons. A MOVE commandment bars all weapons, though the commandment has clearly been broken. They decry violence, but have threatened to kill their women and children if the police invade. Founded by a man named Vincent Leaphart (who changed his name to John Africa—all MOVE members use the surname Africa), MOVE people don't wash with real soap—they use a blend of herbs that includes garlic; their scent isn't rosy. Their hair is braided and their children walk naked. They eschew the legal system, though they moved swiftly into court to prevent the barricade that has been threatened by Rizzo.

Rizzo has met their challenge in his own sweet style, winding up the city with the assertion that "Those pigs get too much attention." The city's raunchy new tabloid, the *Philadelphia Journal*, transmitted Rizzo's explanation of the group's options: Get Out Or Die.

The Mayor's plan is to blockade the area, forbid outsiders to bring in food and shut off the water and gas. The blockade was postponed by a local judge, who later approved the tactic after a hearing at which MOVE wasn't represented. The disapproving State Supreme Court then voted to postpone the blockade a second time. High Noon between Mayor Rizzo and the herbal urban villagers is, for the moment, in abeyance.

—Tony Green

Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Stronger

Evidence that alcohol prevents heart disease has been growing lately; doctors have been reluctant to accept it because drinking is a proven destroyer of the liver. But at the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, 2,000 older patients were tested for occlusion of the coronary arteries, the chief cause of heart attacks. Those with the worst-clogged arteries usually had elevated cholesterol levels and were generally heavy smokers. Fabulously, those who drank had the cleanest arteries, and the higher the alcohol intake, the less extensive the occlusion.

The Milwaukee researchers say they have no idea why alcohol seems to keep the arteries unobstructed but others have speculated it may be because alcohol reduces stress.

—Larry Frederick

MOVIE STAR NEWS

American drinker: good ticker

Mind & Body

Diesel killya

Carcinogen of the Month

First there were cyclamates. Then came asbestos, aerosols, saccharin and hair dyes. Nary a month goes by in which scientists haven't fingered a new possible cause of cancer. The latest carcinogenic discovery is the exhaust from diesel engines.

The diesel looked like a marvelous way for the auto industry to meet federal emission standards and at the same time offer a 25- to 30-percent increase in mileage. General Motors and Chrysler plan to step up use of the diesel in either cars or trucks, and several foreign companies are gearing up to add new diesel options.

But a recent study by an environmental group, the Citizens for Clean Air, Inc., makes a devastating argument that the use of diesel engines could cause a cancer epidemic, especially in New York City, where the taxi industry is considering putting them in its 11,800 cabs.

The group's report to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration began, "Citizens for Clean Air believes that widespread dieselization is a . . . hazard to the public health, that federal regulations are combining to promulgate this technology, and that the federal government has not awakened. . . ." The findings are detailed in a lengthy cover story in the April issue of *New Engineer*.

The known carcinogens that come from diesel exhaust are in a class of compounds called polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons (PAH). A recent Swiss study on PAH concentrations in roadway soil revealed a very high cancer incidence among people living near highways. About three of ten cars in Switzerland are diesels, much higher than in the U.S.

The auto industry, of course, is not very sanguine about the research. Mercedes-Benz, which sells nearly half of the diesel-engine cars in the U.S., has already issued a denial of the diesel-related health hazards.

—Doug Garr

With Sony's new electronic digimatic clock radio, every second counts, but not out loud. Because the clock is electronic, with no moving parts, all you hear from it is the sound of silence. The FM/AM radio, on the other hand, with its big 3¾" speaker, gives you full, rich Sony sound, loud and clear.

The electronic clock numbers appear, of course, in lights which you can make brighter or dimmer as you see fit. There's an alarm light time display so you can see at any time exactly what time you're set to wake up. There's a switch you can pull to automatically zero in to the 0 second for perfect timing. And the entire clock radio is on an adjustable base so you can have the right angle at any angle.

There's even a new flashing power-failure indicator light. Plus all the accoutrements—snooze bar, 0-59 minute sleep-timer, 24-hour pre-set, earphone jack, FM external antenna—and a cabinet color choice of metallic gray or silver.

All in all, it's a time machine as up to the minute as you can get.

Model ICF-C800W Electronic Digimatic Clock Radio

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TIME SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

"IT'S A SONY."

NewTimes

Is Ralph Nader Obsolete?

When his pet consumer bill went down to defeat last month, Nader blamed the "pinheads" running the country, but many blamed the consumerism king himself

by Robert Shrum

This one's for you, Ralph," hissed a congressman as he punched out his vote against the consumer agency bill on the House of Representatives' expensive new electronic voting console. Ralph Nader has had a better legislative record than any of the last three presidents, what with auto safety standards, clean air and water acts, campaign reform, occupational safety and nuclear safeguards all to his credit. But early last month the consumer bill, Nader's dearest project, not only went down to defeat by 38 votes on the House floor, but Nader was blamed for it. He was too arrogant, too abrasive; he alienated undecided members by attacking them in their districts; he screamed and yelled and pounded on tables—so went the post-mortems around Capitol Hill and in the press.

Nader characterizes members who say they opposed the bill because of him as "juvenile delinquents." ("They aren't sticking it to me, but to millions of people.") And he regards the press as "incredibly naive" for buying the anti-Nader explanation; it was, he suggests, simply a convenient cover for "unscrupulous" congressmen who don't want to admit that they had toed the business lobby's line. It was part of that lobby's strategy, he says, "to put people like me on the defensive. The press fell for it because blaming me was a good lead."

The press had gone on to suggest that the bill's defeat showed that Nader was obsolete—that his zealous reliance on government to solve problems was out of tune with the prevailing anti-government, anti-spending mood. Actually, Nader's consumer agency would have cost only $15 million a year. It would have had no regional offices. It would have *reduced* the number of federal regulations. The Office of Consumer Representation (its official title) would have argued consumer interests before other federal agencies. It could not have vetoed their decisions, but it would have been, in effect, the consumer's attorney in a wide range of cases. HEW's laxness in enforcing federal fire safety regulation in nursing homes; the Food and Drug Administration's delay in setting packaging standards for children's aspirin (which resulted in 25,000 poisonings); the Civil Aeronautics Board's air fare increases and its refusal for three years to approve Freddie Laker's cheap trans-Atlantic flights; the 1972 agreement to sell wheat to the Soviet Union at subsidized prices that ultimately cost U.S. consumers an extra $1 billion—all might have turned out differently had there been a consumer agency.

The agency, in short, would have been the consumer's ombudsman throughout the vast federal network of price setting, route allocation and health and safety policies. And after having its say before a regulatory commission or Cabinet department, the agency could have appealed unfavorable decisions to the federal courts. The American Bar Association repeatedly endorsed the bill; the idea seemed so sensible, involving potential savings of billions of dollars for an annual investment of $15 million, that even the 1972 Republican platform supported it.

Though the idea was Nader's, the impulse long predated him. In 1959, Hubert Humphrey, then the perpetual motion machine of liberal activism, and Estes Kefauver, a Senate populist from Tennessee, introduced a bill to establish a Cabinet-level Department of Consumer Affairs, consolidating regulatory and rate-making agencies.

Three years later, when Ben Rosenthal was elected to the House from New York City, the Democratic leadership assigned him to the Agriculture Committee. Since the only plants growing in his district were in pots and window boxes, Rosenthal decided to make consumer representation his specialty. Soon he had adopted the Kefauver-Humphrey bill as his own.

But in 1969, Ralph Nader convinced Rosenthal that he had a better idea. If there were just one department with power over regulations affecting consumers, Nader warned, business would have fewer bureaucrats in its way; that power should remain dispersed, and all agencies that had a piece of it should have a responsibility to weigh the interests of consumers. An independent consumer advocacy agency, said Nader, could make sure that they did—in the courts, if necessary.

At first, this seemed like an idea whose time had quickly come. In 1970, the Senate passed the bill easily. But conservatives on the House Rules Committee that year mustered a 7–7 tie to prevent it from reaching the House floor. In the next two Congresses the bill sailed through the House, and there was a Senate majority for it. Both times, however, Alabama's James Allen, the Senate's most consistent reactionary and its best parliamentarian, tied up the legislation with a filibuster; even then, in 1974, the Senate came within one vote of breaking the filibuster.

Finally, in 1975, it seemed that Nader would have his way when the House and the Senate approved the enacting legislation in slightly different forms. But the business lobby had one critical vote left: It had a presidential veto in its pocket. As a congressman, Gerald Ford had supported the consumer agency, calling it "a sound, workable bill." But now he was in the White House—and wanted to stay there; the financial support of the business community would be essential in the '76 election. Without enough votes to override a Ford veto, the Democratic leadership decided to shelve the bill.

"We had beaten the lobbies in the past," says Nader, "but we were able to take them on one at a time." No industry except the car makers, for instance, fought auto emission standards. But the consumer legislation threatened corporate interests across the board. "It threatened to break up business control of the federal bureaucracy," Nader says,"—the cozy relationship between the regulators and the regulatees—and

so it bound together the most broad based coalition ever arrayed against any bill." It was one thing for a Republican president to resist one or two segments of the business community; it was quite another to anger almost all of it—especially on the eve of a primary contest with Ronald Reagan.

But Nader, too, thought he had an ace in the hole. It was the usual liberal solution—to elect a Democratic president. And in 1976, it looked like a surefire solution. Following the Democratic Convention, Nader joined the pilgrimage of seekers to Plains. Sitting in Jimmy Carter's living room that August, he found what he wanted. Carter told him that "one of his biggest disappointments" as governor was that he failed to get a consumer bill through the Georgia legislature. "The consumer agency," Carter promised Nader, "will be one of my first priorities as President." They shook on it—and then Jimmy and Ralph went outside to play some well-photographed softball.

After Carter's November victory, it looked like softball all the way. The new President appointed consumerist Esther Peterson as his consumer adviser; her assignment, he said, was to get a consumer agency through Congress. Nader's assistant, Nancy Chasen, became Peterson's assistant, and the White House went to work on a presidential consumer message. Though Nader mildly objected to the message's few minor compromises, the Administration's bill was nearly identical to the one Ford had threatened to veto. At last, Ralph Nader saw his eight-year-old goal within his grasp. He confidently testified last April before the House Operations Subcommittee on Legislation that the consumer agency was "virtually certain." Not only did it have a congressional majority, as it had in the past, but now, exulted Nader, it had a President "strongly" endorsing it.

The business lobby, however, had not been idle. Realizing that Carter might well be elected, it went to work directly on Congress; its new political action committees gave almost as much to Democrats as to Republicans in the '76 elections. Not all of business lobbied against the consumer agency; more than 100 companies, including such giants as Mobil Oil, Atlantic-Richfield, Polaroid and Cummins Engine, were for it. But as a whole, business organized fiercely against the bill.

CALVIN FENTRESS

"Sure Nader annoys Congressmen," says an aide. "That's why he's here"

The Business Roundtable (over half of whose 157 corporate members had admitted an improper or illegal payment or had been named in an antitrust or unfair-trade complaint during the previous five years) hired a P.R. firm that sent canned editorials and cartoons against the consumer bill to 3,800 newspapers. It also hired former Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski and circulated his letter blasting the bill. ("That Jaworski letter had more impact on me than anything else," said California Democrat Leo Ryan after defecting from his earlier advocacy of the bill.)

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce also joined the fray. From its Romanesque headquarters across Lafayette Park from the White House, the Chamber's computer bank whirred out lists of its 74,000 members by congressional districts; businessmen were urged to write their congressmen, especially congressmen who had supported the bill in the past or who were undecided. Some representatives ultimately received more than 2,000 letters.

By last May, when the House Government Operations Committee was deciding whether to send the consumer agency bill to the House floor, it was clear that the business lobby had done its work well: The bill squeaked through the Committee by a single vote. Even three wavering members who had been phoned by Vice President Mondale voted against it. In fact, only a last-minute compromise, engineered in part by Nader himself, helped save the bill from

KEN HAWKINS/SYGMA

Nader, Carter and Esther Peterson: "The consumer agency will be one of my first priorities as President"

early extinction; the compromise included a "sunset" provision terminating the agency in 1982 unless Congress reenacted it.

Nader had been resigned to some compromise, but when Representative Pete McCloskey—who had promised Esther Peterson that he'd vote for the consumer agency in committee—quietly voted "nay" during the roll call, Nader stage whispered that McCloskey was a "disgusting double-crosser." McCloskey was furious; he felt, he said later, like punching Nader in the mouth. It was a foretaste of other close encounters that members were to have with Nader before the fight was over.

Ironically, Nader seemed to be losing ground to the "special interests" because he was working in Washington while they were plowing the grass roots. "I am shocked at how many members are critically influenced by their mail," Nader deputy Mark Green complained. "They are getting a lot of mail generated by business. If we don't show public support, the bill won't pass." So, at the end of June, Nader launched his "nickel campaign": Since the consumer agency would cost five cents a year per American, he asked the bill's supporters to mail their representatives a nickel. (Actually, the cost was closer to seven cents for each citizen, but sending one nickel and two pennies seemed a little cumbersome.)

What happened in the House offices was cumbersome enough. Within two months, over 43,000 nickels rained down on members who were undecided or opposed. There were a few mistakes. New Hampshire's Norman D'Amours, who had favored the bill from the beginning, got 500 nickels, including a wooden one. He laughed that he had been "mistargeted." Other House members failed to see the joke. Conservative Samuel Stratton of New York groused that it was a form of bribery. ("If he can be bought for a nickel," said Mark Green, "then he hasn't kept up with the rate of inflation.") Green concedes that "there was a lot of bitching and moaning in the House, members saying they were insulted—but we got our message across."

Nader, Peterson and the bill's sponsors, if not exactly confident, were hopeful about the House vote scheduled for late fall. A new compromise version had won important converts, including Pete McCloskey. And President Carter, the consumerists were sure, wanted a vote. He had written Ben Rosenthal months before that he wanted the bill "to proceed without delay to the floor." Then the boom fell. In a mid-October meeting, Tip O'Neill informed Peterson that he wouldn't schedule a vote unless the consumerists could show him they had the votes to win. They did, she argued. But O'Neill produced his own, lower vote count.

What was needed, and lacking, was the all-out support of the President and his staff. "As of last fall," concedes an Administration official, "support from the White House was disappointing. Frank Moore's congressional liaison wasn't doing shit on the consumer bill." And by now, Carter, already in trouble with Congress, didn't want to risk a major defeat; he didn't want the House to vote on the bill at all.

When O'Neill pulled the bill from the fall calendar, Esther Peterson was so upset that she said privately she was going to submit her resignation to the President, but her consumer allies persuaded her to stick it out. Ralph Nader was a little calmer, even though the nickel campaign had been timed for a fall vote. "We were told that if the bill was delayed," says Green, "Carter would have plenty of time to work for it, O'Neill would have plenty of time—and in the end that turned out to be half true." Green contends that the consumer agency could have passed the House, if just barely, last fall. (An Administration source concedes that "Green's argument that votes switched the wrong way dur-

ing the delay is pretty persuasive.")

After O'Neill decreed the postponement, Pete McCloskey sent letters to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Federation of Independent Business urging them to call off the business lobby. "The modified consumer bill" was "good," he wrote. The organizations could enhance their credibility "by giving the new proposal a fair chance to operate."

But business was unrelenting. Indeed, the lobbyists disliked the compromise even more because it might pass. "The better the bill, the worse it is for us," Armstrong Cork's Emmett Hines told a group of corporate lobbyists in late October. They had to keep the pressure on, he said—to keep the letters and telegrams coming. And local Chambers of Commerce and Rotary clubs should be urged to raise the issue when their congressmen came home during the Christmas recess.

The difference between Nader's ramshackle row-house headquarters on Capitol Hill, with its bare wooden floors, used desks and 53 underpaid staff members, and the imposing six-story Chamber of Commerce building, with its wall-to-wall carpeting, gleaming communications technology and almost 400 employees, mirrored the imbalance of the two sides' resources. But Nader did have one resource to spend at will—himself. He had name recognition (higher than any member of the

Carter called six Representatives to push the bill. All six voted against it

House), a reputation as Mr. Clean and a readiness to put it on the line. In a modest studio in his Capitol Hill headquarters, Nader recorded dozens of radio spots to be fed to local stations. "Whenever we found a mushy liberal," he recalls, "we criticized him."

It was Nader's nagging voice, his on-the-air presence in assorted congressional districts, that gave rise to the "Ralph stories"—and the reports that he was setting off a backlash against his own bill. If a member was undecided on this most important issue, Nader urged on his radio tapes, then he should "hear from you"—his constituents. Liberal Republican Lawrence Coughlin from Philadelphia's Main Line suburbs had a typical reaction. He did hear from back home—that Nader was on the radio criticizing him—and it made him furious. Robert Giamo, an excitable machine Democrat from Connecticut and the chairman of the House Budget Com-

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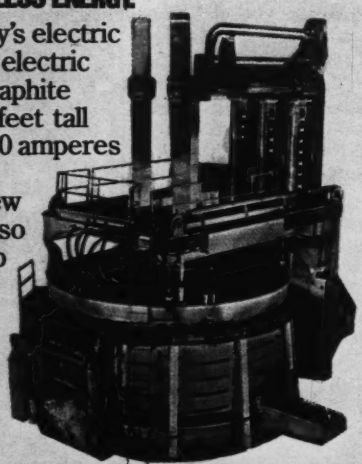

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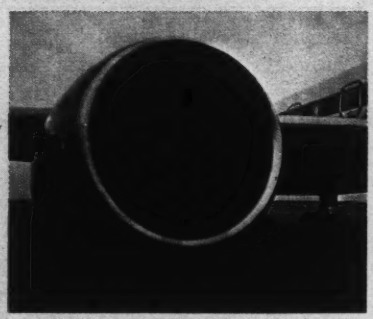

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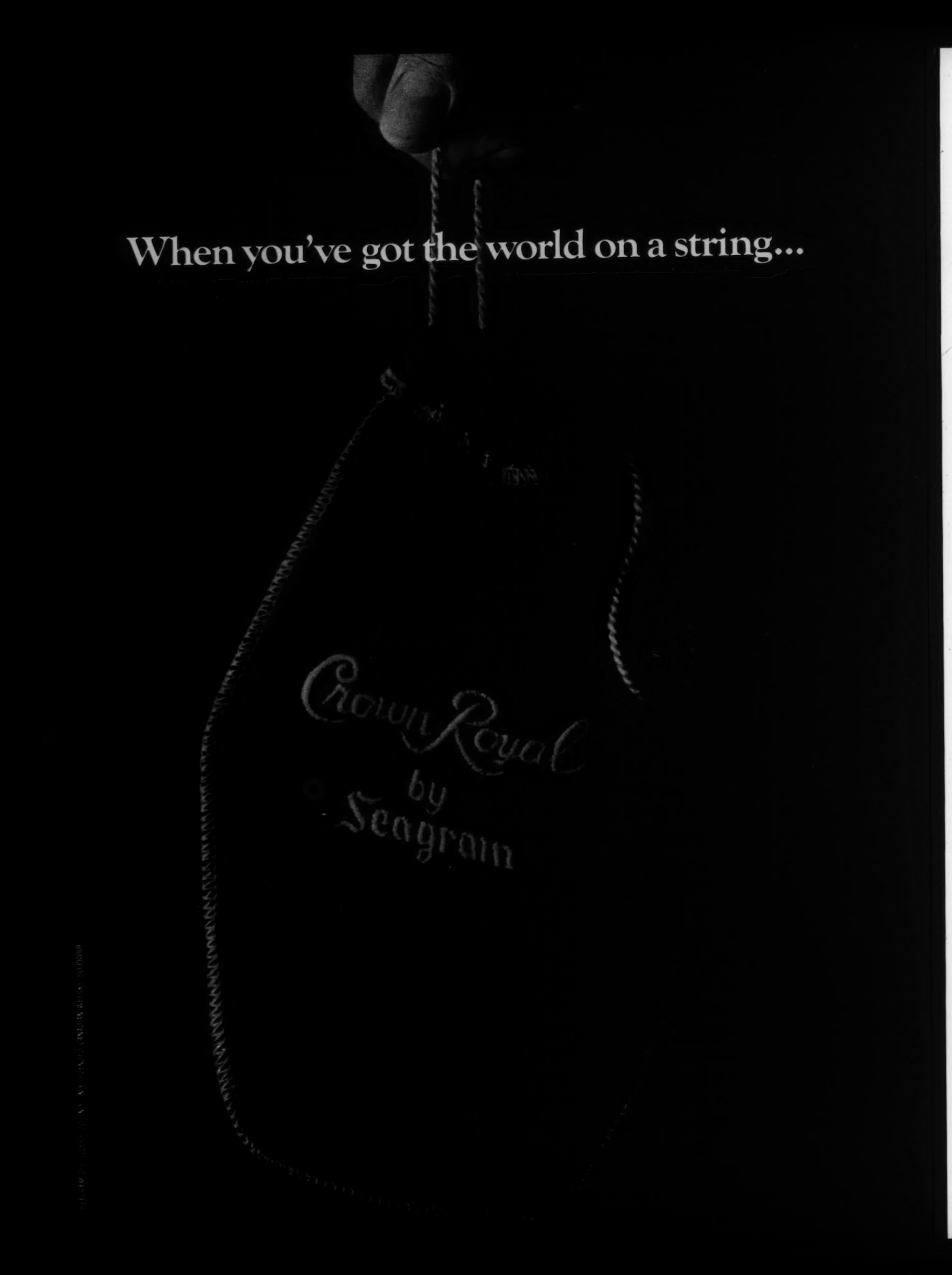
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mittee, claimed he was still undecided when Nader blasted him in a radio interview and drove him into opposition. (The claim is suspect: Giamo already had compiled a long string of anti-consumer votes.)

Mark Green argues that Nader was just doing his job: "Sure he annoys members. That's why he's here." Nader claims that the criticism proved effective with several members. He cites Tim Wirth, a wavering Colorado liberal: "We criticized him—and he voted for the bill."

Ben Rosenthal believes that on balance Nader won votes, but he allows that there is "some validity" to the notion that he also alienated a number of congressmen. "Ralph has the zeal of a titan," explains Rosenthal. "He resents people who stand in the way of accomplishment."

By the beginning of this year, the bill's House supporters were worried about Nader's image and tactics. "So we tried to show that the consumer bill wasn't just a wild, Nader-inspired idea," as one of them puts it. They sent out reams of material showing that in the 26 states with consumer agencies there had been substantial savings without hobbling or harassing business.

At the end of January, Speaker O'Neill met with Esther Peterson, Ben Rosenthal and Government Operations Chairman Jack Brooks. He reviewed his vote count on the consumer agency: "We're almost there, but not quite yet." But, he added, they could delay no longer: "The die has been cast, and the bill will be on the floor next Tuesday." Brooks was sure the Chamber would fight down to the last vote: "They're abba dabba crazy—they're paranoid on this bill." The sponsors, however, still had the two aces that had been promised when O'Neill postponed the vote from fall to winter. They had Tip O'Neill and Jimmy Carter. The Speaker reiterated his pledge—"I'll do my part." And Esther Peterson reassured him and the others about the President: "He really wants this bill."

For Nader, too, Carter was a last, best hope. The consumer bill had moved a long way since the two men had met in Plains a year and a half earlier, mostly in the wrong direction. Down in Plains, all Nader needed was a president who wouldn't veto the bill. Now he was relying on Carter to squeeze out a few crucial votes in the House. They talked twice in January in the Oval Office. Once Nader brought in representatives of consumer groups for a presidential peptalk; it was a formal, uneventful session. But at their other meeting, Nader and the President talked hard numbers. Carter sounded earnest—he would "work closely" with Nader before the House vote. He asked for a list of doubtful members who might yield to personal presidential persuasion. Nader gave him two-dozen names.

Carter never got very far down the list—maybe because he was discouraged. He phoned six members about the bill, and all six subsequently voted against it. One White House aide cites a seventh Carter call, to Congressman Teno Roncalio of Wyoming, who finally voted for the consumer agency; but Senator Edward Kennedy had reached Roncalio and won him over before he talked to Carter. In fact, Kennedy made a lot of calls to House members. He said privately that he was surprised at Carter's lack of effort: "If he's not going to do it, I'm going to."

Nader now characterizes the Administration's effort as "ineffective, but so what else is new?" He notes that Carter "couldn't even get the congressmen from his own state, of the same party." (Of Georgia's ten congressmen, only one voted for the consumer agency.)

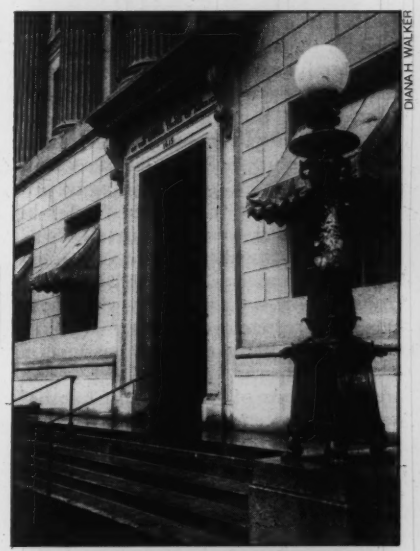
Esther Peterson tried to take up some of the presidential slack. She lobbied nonstop the week before the vote. So did Nader, who made at least one surprising convert. South Carolina's Mendel Davis, the successor, namesake and godson of Mendel Rivers, a 16-term bellicose reactionary, shook Nader's hand warmly as they sat down in Davis' office, then shot him a question: "Ralph, how can I be assured that this agency will be as effective as you are?" Nader replied that it would have 15 times the budget and far greater access to judicial review. Davis never mentioned political problems back home; they discussed the merits of the bill. At the end of the meeting, he said: "You've persuaded me. Not only will I vote for the bill, but I'll work for it."

But other members, who previously had supported the consumer agency on its merits, were having second thoughts. Illinois' John Anderson, the leading light of moderate Republicans in the House, told Nader that the people in his district were turning against the bill. "Who are the people?" Nader demanded. "The Chamber of Commerce?" Anderson demurred that he was getting a lot of complaints from small businessmen—"they are sick and tired of all this bureaucracy"—and then ended the discussion. "He was ashamed," Nader says. "He didn't want to talk." Anderson was facing a primary fight against a conservative who was making an issue of the consumer bill—and Anderson needed the support of Republican businessmen.

Wherever Nader and Green went in the House office buildings, they ran into the pervasive effects of the business lobby. "You can't believe what it's like," says Green, "to visit 50 House members in a row who moronically parrot that a fifteen million dollar advocacy agency is big government." Nader regarded the anti-government argument as "the big lie being used to fight reform." If the members are so much against government, he challenged, then why not go after the Commerce Department—"a bloated bureaucracy which spends two billion dollars a year," as he put it.

DIANA H. WALKER

The difference between Nader's ramshackle headquarters and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce building mirrors the imbalance of the two sides' resources



DIANA H. WALKER

But despite Nader's arguments (or maybe because of them), the anti-government thesis became a catch concept for opposing the consumer agency; House members cited it constantly against the consumer bill, even though public opinion surveys showed a 2–1 majority for it. An Administration official contends that the anti-government talk was "camouflage" for members "who were afraid of losing campaign contributions." Nader agrees: "It wasn't an anti-government mood, it was the money—the lucre. Washington is becoming a wholly owned subsidiary of the Fortune 500."

Ironically, another Nader-backed reform had made it easier for business to play the money game. The 1974 Federal Campaign Reform Act requires public disclosure of contributors and the amounts they give. The anti-consumer lobby simply ran through the list, pulled the names of major business givers, and advised them to contact "your" congressmen. (The lobby ground exceeding small: When Ohio Republican Chalmers Wylie picked up a suit at his dry cleaners, he found a note pinned to the lapel urging him to oppose the consumer bill.)

As the lobbying moved into the last frantic week before the scheduled February 7 vote, the consumer groups still felt they were within hailing distance of victory. The Business Roundtable's count showed the bill losing by only eight votes. And Speaker O'Neill had promises from a dozen prospective "nays" to switch if their votes would make the difference. O'Neill had kept his word: He had buttonholed doubtful members insistently; on the morning of February 7, he sent each Democrat a "Sincerely Tip" letter from "The Speaker's Rooms" which, in effect, made the vote a test of loyalty to the President, to the Democratic Party, and to him personally. In addition, labor was pushing hard for the bill.

Nader himself already had put off a series of speaking engagements in the West; when the final vote was postponed another day, he felt he had to leave. On February 8, the day of reckoning at last, Mark Green, standing by just off the House floor, phoned Nader in Nevada with a mixed report: O'Neill had left the Speaker's chair and delivered a tough speech for the bill from the House floor, a rare event which put O'Neill's prestige even more on the line. On the other hand, Majority Leader Jim Wright, who was supposed to be manning the door of the House Chamber cajoling members as they came in, was nowhere in sight.

At 7:00 p.m., the vote was ordered. The members began pushing their "ayes" and "nays" on the House's electronic voting machine. As the number of "nays" passed 218, a majority, the business lobbyists in the gallery let out a cheer. In the end, the margin of defeat was 38 votes.

Green again called Nader in Reno, where he had just blasted Nevada Congressman James Santini for opposing the consumer agency. Nader hadn't been sure how the House vote would come out, but he thought, "Why wait to go after the Santinis?" When Green told Nader that they had lost, he was silent for five seconds, then started spinning out suggestions on ways to rebound from the vote.

But Nader was also angry, and he still is. "This is the world's greatest country," he fumes, "but it's being run by a bunch of pinheads." House members either fell for the anti-government argument or used it to conceal their "lack of integrity," he charges. "It's a technique that goes back to Goebbels."

Nader wasn't the only one who was mad. A red-faced O'Neill was apoplectic at the Democratic Whips' meeting the day after the consumer defeat: If the members were going to benefit from the party, they were going to have to bleed for it sometimes. The Whips were mad, too—and mostly at Jimmy Carter, not Ralph Nader. One after another, they recounted horror stories about the White House not returning their phone calls, appointing their patronage or listening to their advice. They weren't about to go out on a limb for Carter.

Ben Rosenthal had captured their feelings in an unguarded obituary on the consumer bill. "A Baptist who doesn't drink," he said, "can't deal with Congress." White House Assistant Stuart Eizenstat called him at 6:00 the next morning to tell him that Carter was furious. Rosenthal sent the President an apology, but the curiously ambiguous tone of Carter's brief response inadvertently typified his difficulties with Congress. Carter handwrote back:

"To Ben Rosenthal:
I didn't need it.
Don't worry.
Your friend, Jimmy Carter"

Nader now recognizes that he can't rely on presidents, particularly this President, to save his reforms from the business lobby. "He hasn't failed us in terms of his basic positions," Nader concludes, "but he's extremely reluctant to use the modest powers of his office to fight for them." Nader adds that Carter doesn't have the temperament or skills for Washington's political in-fighting. Looking back, Ben Rosenthal admits that "we didn't have the grassroots activism. The only thing that might have made up for it was if the White House had weighed in with full force."

Without that presidential *deus ex machina*, Nader will have to go to the grassroots—precisely where he sees himself as weak. House members see the weakness, too. "They're deciding

that he can't effectively organize in their districts," says Rosenthal, "while the Chamber of Commerce can push a button and get all those telegrams in here." In 1972, Nader issued his Congress Report detailing every member's lifetime voting record. "When no one lost because of it," says a House official, "a lot of congressmen decided that he didn't have any real clout."

Nader intends to disprove that theory, although he isn't ready to say exactly how: "We're going to become secretive for a while. We're going to go after these people in creative ways, and it's more effective if you don't toot the horn in advance." But one of those ways will be Nader's old standby—publicity. Not so much national but local publicity, often in the form of a Nader appearance, if not in person then on radio or TV. "I wouldn't want him against me," says one House member. "He could cost me 5,000 votes." If he did that in enough places, Nader might begin to turn things around.

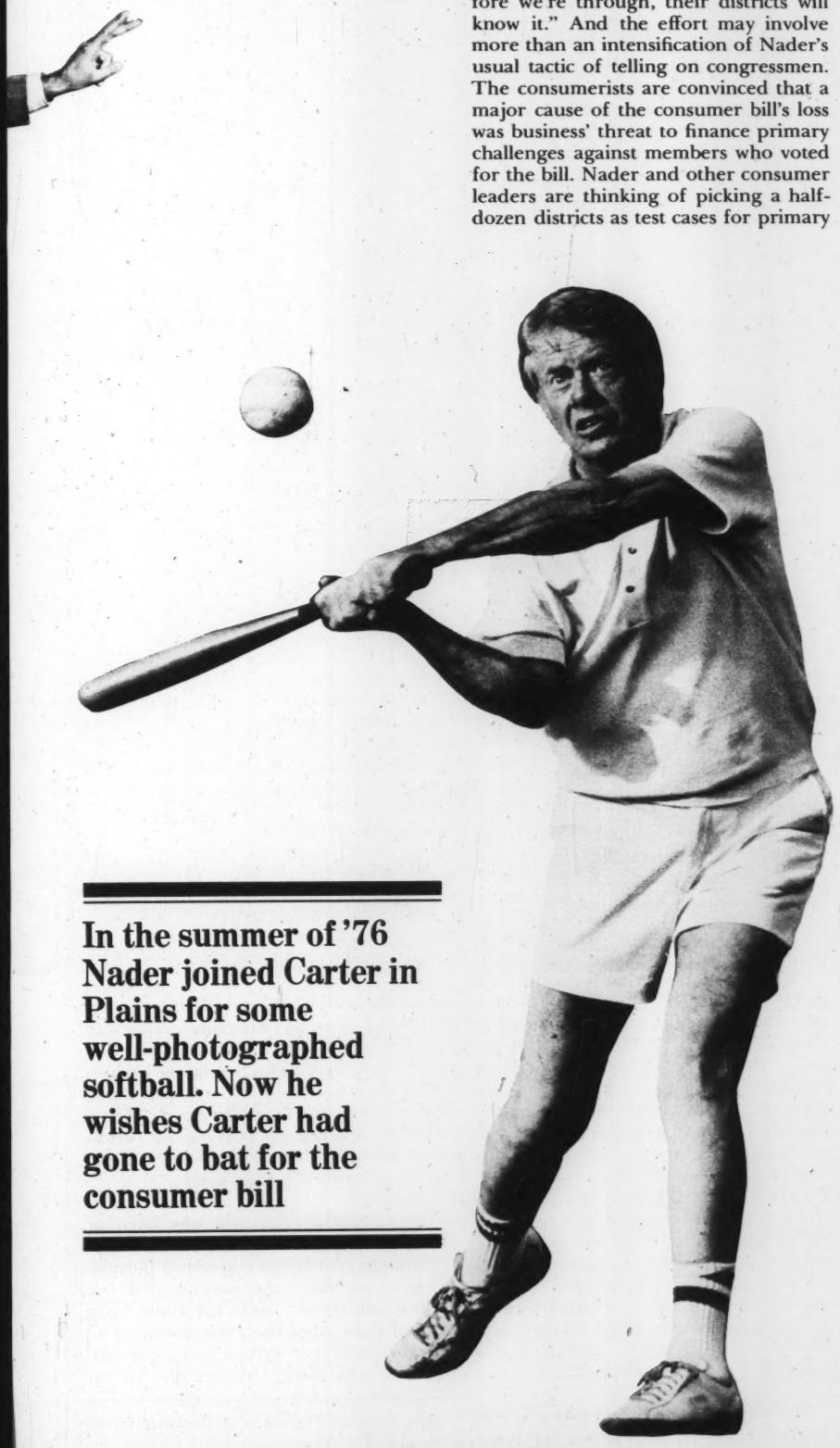
His most immediate targets are the first-term Democrats, 50 percent of whom voted against the consumer agency. He calls them "the worst class to come to Congress in 20 years—and before we're through, their districts will know it." And the effort may involve more than an intensification of Nader's usual tactic of telling on congressmen. The consumerists are convinced that a major cause of the consumer bill's loss was business' threat to finance primary challenges against members who voted for the bill. Nader and other consumer leaders are thinking of picking a half-dozen districts as test cases for primary challenges from *their* side. The tactic may have to wait for 1980, since most of this year's primaries are nearly at hand, but it is being discussed and planned now.

Yet setting such tests is a risky strategy for Nader, because the business lobbies could pour money into his test-case districts. It is a risk he may have to take. For the consumer bill, in the words of a House liberal, "is typical of what's happening to a lot of legislation." An amendment to liberalize consumer access to class action suits lost 2–1. No-fault insurance is stalled. The Consumer Bank Act eked through the House by one vote. The Administration's proposed Federal Trade Commission reforms have been killed. On almost all these issues, the business lobbies won, and Nader lost. "For the two years of this Congress," he says, "we won't pass anything that will redistribute power."

Nader does have one other asset in his continuing battle: According to a recent Louis Harris survey on the consumer movement, most Americans agree with his views. They favor a consumer protection agency, a new testing system to evaluate product safety, stiffer advertising controls, and consumer representation on corporate boards of directors. And 53 percent of them believe that "business has too much influence over government policy on consumer matters."

But it takes more than a Lou Harris poll to alter conventional wisdom in Washington, and today that wisdom dictates that the country is rushing to the right—and right past Ralph Nader and his kind. A month after the consumer bill's defeat, a group of House members were gathered at Paul Young's, a favorite watering hole on Connecticut Avenue. They got to talking about the consumer agency. One of the Congressmen suggested that "people are getting tired of hearing constant criticism of things." Nader, he said, was out of date. Yes, chimed in a colleague, Ralph had been a good man for his time, but that time was past.

Nader's battered old Capitol Hill townhouse office seems to convey the same message. It doesn't fit this "me" decade; it's reminiscent instead of a sixties commune—of the "us" decade. Ralph Nader remains a hot personality in the new age of cool, a voice beckoning us to duty and passion in an America on the downside of a long national manic depression, a country that just wants to be left alone. Nader keeps trying to hurry history along. And although history now seems to have a bad case of the slows, it might be wise to recall the tale of an ascetic young lawyer who, back in 1966, armed only with his own burning convictions, plunged into his first public battle—and beat the hell out of General Motors. ●



In the summer of '76 Nader joined Carter in Plains for some well-photographed softball. Now he wishes Carter had gone to bat for the consumer bill

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN HAWKINS/SYGMA

Little Murders

Who has the right to commit infanticide? Mothers, fathers, doctors, judges— or none of the above?

by Jane Gassner Patrick

His name was Henry Allen Collins. His mother called him Hank. At his inquest, however, he was simply Baby Boy Peters. One pound, 11 ounces, 13 inches long, born three months too soon, he died last June at the age of eight hours.

For much of his life he lay unattended in the nursery of a small California hospital. His chest expanded with breath only one third as often as it should have; his underdeveloped lungs could barely suck in enough air.

There are machines that could have helped him: machines to breathe when he couldn't, machines to force oxygen-rich air into his tiny lungs. They weren't used. If they had been, he might have lived a day, a week, a month, a lifetime. But when he was born, the obstetrician made a decision: Henry Allen Collins probably wouldn't live and therefore no one should help him try.

Some say he was a victim of a criminally negligent doctor; others say he was a casualty of medical science's inability to save most babies that small. Perhaps a bit of both is true. But certainly Baby Boy Collins is not the only such case. In 1976, almost 34,000 babies died before they were 28 days old. Babies too immature to live, babies with birth injuries, babies with life-inhibiting defects—some undocumented but significant number of them died because those in charge said: This baby shall not live.

It seems incredible in this country, where it is thought that doctors can and do cure everything, that the medical profession considers it acceptable to deny available aid that would save an infant's life. But it happens in hospitals all over America: in delivery rooms where an obstetrician or pediatrician foregoes normal resuscitation, wraps a defective or premature baby in a blanket and leaves it on a counter or in a warming crib until the infant's heart stops beating; in intensive-care nurseries where neonatologists (pediatricians specializing in newborns) stop the medication, refuse the surgery, unplug the respirators and wait for death from infection, starvation or cardiac arrest. It seems incredible, but only when the situation is viewed in total ignorance of the technology-induced ethical dilemmas of medical science.

"We have the means to guarantee the health and vigor of all but the severely defective or irreversibly damaged children," said Dr. Wolf W. Zuelzer, formerly professor of pediatric research at Detroit's Wayne State University School of Medicine, speaking to his colleagues at the 65th Ross Conference on Pediatric Research. "Formerly the loss of such children was accepted as nature's irreducible waste. Do we want more? . . . Should we preserve life against nature's apparent intentions simply because we have the gadgetry that allows us to do so? What is our duty to such patients, to their families, to the species as a whole?"

"The question is: What is good for the child?" says Dr. Bernard Towers, professor of pediatrics and anatomy at the University of California at Los Angeles. "For me, it's a question of membership in human society requiring that there be an exchange of information [between people] of some kind. It may be very minimal . . . purely emotive with very little intellectual content. . . . [But] we only gain our humanity through social interrelationships. So if there is an infant who the prognosis says will never be able to exchange communication with anybody else, I would say that one of the criteria of humanhood is not being satisfied. Under those circumstances, I would certainly not be aggressive about treatment."

Anencephaly: The baby looks perfectly normal from the neck down, and it acts like a normal baby: It is vigorous, healthy and sucks on a nipple. But its head is flat; its brain is missing. Put a flashlight behind its head and the light shines through its eyes.

There is no sense in treating an anencephalic. At one time they were kept alive for use in laboratory experiments; today they're put aside and left to die.

Trisomy 13 and 18: chromosomal anomalies that present a variety of medical problems—deformed bodies, malformed hearts, lungs, kidneys, genitals and, always, severe mental retardation. Few babies born with such anomalies live longer than a few weeks; most die in the neonatal intensive-care unit after a geneticist confirms the diagnosis and treatment is terminated.

By Dr. Towers' standards, only babies with totally dead brains would have treatment withheld. But Dr. Towers is only one physician. Although there are others who agree with his cutoff, some doctors go much further.

Down's Syndrome: a chromosomal anomaly with striking physical characteristics but usually only one irreparable problem—mental retardation. The mean IQ of a Down's Syndrome child is 50. Often the child is born with heart defects and occasionally with a duodenal atresia, a surgically correctable condition in which there is a blockage in the intestinal tract.

In 1972, a Down's Syndrome baby with a duodenal atresia was born at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. When the physicians requested permission to operate, the parents said no. They preferred death for their baby rather than a less than normal life. The doctors in charge agreed to the parents' wishes, and after 15 days the infant

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Jane Gassner Patrick is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY COUZENS

died—of starvation.

Myelomeningocele: Spina bifida in its worst state means that both the spinal cord and tissue covering the central nervous system protrude through a gap in the spinal column. Before 1960, there was no effective treatment, and babies with severe myelomeningocele were paralyzed, retarded and dead by the age of one. But after surgeons developed techniques to close the spine, all such babies were operated on and treated vigorously. Recent studies have shown, however, that satisfactory rehabilitation is difficult if not impossible for the most extreme cases. Now surgeons are not so quick to operate.

In Canada, the decision was made not to treat a baby girl who had myelomeningocele. She became severely paralyzed, developed brain-destroying hydrocephalus (water on the brain) and a complete bowel obstruction. After a month of vomiting bile and feces, she was grossly dehydrated but still alive. For two thirds of such babies, death occurs within three months; only a few last as long as a year.

Down's Syndrome and myelomeningocele are not the only congenital anomalies that doctors and parents question treating. Many infants are born with defects that in one way or another affect their brains and preclude them from ever living a "normal" life. Also, there are healthy fetuses that in the last minutes before delivery are choked by the umbilical cord or asphyxiated after inhaling the contents of their intestinal tracts. They, too, end up brain damaged. At stake for all these children is, in varying degrees, a less than perfect life.

And then there are babies like Henry Allen Collins, extremely premature infants who account for some 80 percent of all babies in neonatal intensive-care units.

The initial problem is that their lungs are underdeveloped. The production of *pulmonary surfactant*, a substance necessary for the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the blood, does not begin until, at the earliest, the sixth month of pregnancy. Babies born before they are manufacturing sufficient pulmonary surfactant develop Respiratory Distress Syndrome (RDS).

RDS is treatable but not always curable. Machinery can force oxygen into the lungs and facilitate the oxygen/carbon dioxide exchange. But there are hosts of problems accompanying RDS, some of them caused by the machines themselves. If the force required to get oxygen into the blood is too great, the lungs can literally blow. The presence of catheters in the vessels of the umbilical cord can lead to blood clots that may damage the kidneys or intestines. And the greatest problem with RDS is that the proper levels of oxygen and carbon dioxide may be impossible to maintain. A condition called *acidosis* develops, leading to hemorrhages in the skull and varying degrees of brain damage.

The smaller and younger a premature RDS infant, the greater the chances the child won't respond to treatment. So physicians are setting up age and weight cutoffs below which they refuse treatment. Such decisions are arbitrary, however, depending to a great extent on the doctor's experience and outlook. Some resuscitate all babies 500 grams (about 1 pound) and over; some won't treat a baby under 750 grams (1 pound, 11 ounces). For other doctors the cutoff is 1,000 grams; and still others put it at 1,200 (2 pounds, 10 ounces).

In 1974, a small group of professionals from various disciplines—medicine, nursing, law, psychology, ethics, economics, social work, anthropology, etc.—met in Sonoma Valley, California, for a conference to discuss ethical decision-making in neonatal intensive care. It was not the first such group discussion, but it was the first time a comprehensive framework was proposed and cutoff points agreed upon in answer to the critical ethical questions: Is it ever right not to resuscitate an infant at birth? Is it ever right to withdraw life support from a clearly diagnosed poor-prognosis infant? Is it ever right to intervene directly to kill a dying infant?

They answered "yes" to all those questions; however, what is implicit for the medical profession but incomprehensible for many laymen is *why* these decisions must be made at all.

Picture the child who, in the words of Dr. Anthony Shaw, pediatric surgeon at the University of Virginia Medical Center, " . . . is three [or] four years old, well below the third percentile in height and weight, propped up on a pillow, marginally tolerating an oral diet of sugar and amino acids and looking forward to another operation."

Imagine the defective baby rejected by its parents (as many are), forced to live all its days in an institution for the chronically ill and mentally handicapped, what some have called "dying bins."

Think of the parents whose world has abruptly turned from anticipation and growth to overwhelming guilt and sterile sacrifice. The expenses, both financial and emotional, drain the entire family, leaving it, in many cases, completely shattered.

Or be quite practical and consider our finite medical resources. "We usually don't resuscitate babies under 850 grams," explains Dr. Dale Phelps, neonatologist at UCLA Medical Center, "because they rarely live. You can tell at birth which ones will make it; they come out kicking and screaming. If they don't, then why resuscitate them and bring them to the intensive-care unit where they'll waste a bed, time and equipment some other baby could better use. Not to mention the tremendous psychological effort the staff and parents put in. And for no reason; you know they're going to die."

And we, the people, also pay—quite literally. Hospital expense varies, but one Los Angeles neonatologist has calculated that it costs $92,000 at his hospital to see an infant through the intensive-care nursery. The lifetime cost for institutionalizing just one retarded person is about $400,000. Nationally, the yearly budget for Down's Syndrome victims is $1.75 billion.

Most often it is that "great government in the sky," as one doctor put it, that pays the bill. We are that great government.

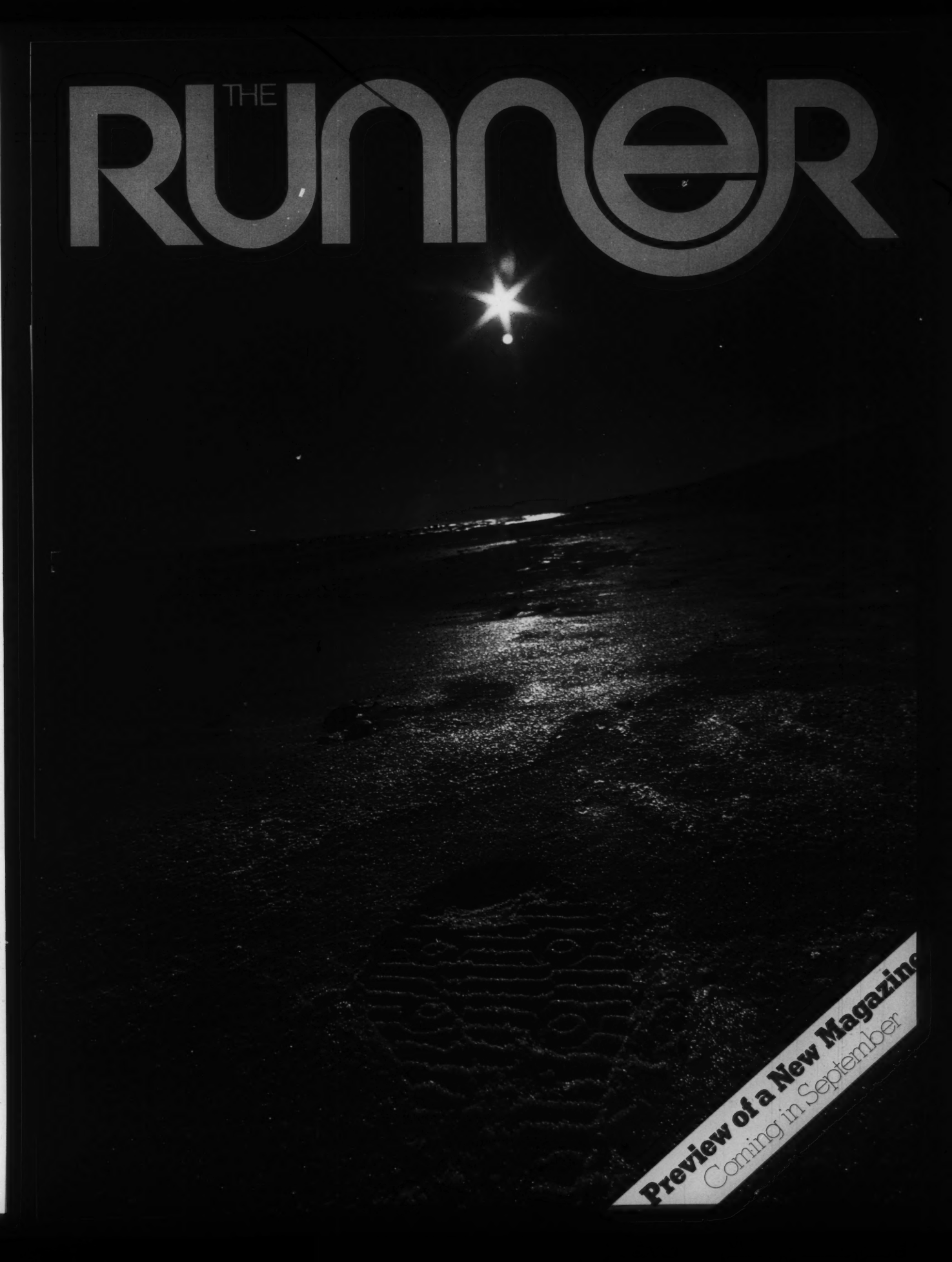
If judging human worth on the basis of economics seems crass, considering it in terms of purifying our genetic pool smacks of Nazism. But chromosomal anomalies such as Down's Syndrome don't preclude reproduction. It has been estimated that without some genetic manipulation, one out of ten children born within another five to ten generations will be seriously defective.

This, then, may be the answer to "why?" Medical science has waged and won its battle with survival of the fittest. Now comes the realization that that victory is often a loss for both the individual and society. To truly serve the best interests of the patient, family and society, medical science must give back some territory.

But what territory? Which infants should not get treatment? How do you decide? Most physicians say that the babies they won't treat are those for whom the quality of life would be minimal. However, in all but the grossest deformities or total brain death, determining the quality of life is a subjective consideration. We all have notions, made *a priori*, from the vantage point of normalcy, of what handicaps would make life worthless. Physicians, as Shaw said, are morally no better than the rest of us. Consequently, the territory ceded differs from doctor to doctor and, in fact, from case to case.

The Sonoma Valley conferees published a list of conditions that they felt contraindicated resuscitation and/or treatment. It runs the gamut from anencephaly and myelomeningocele to hydrocephalus to Down's Syndrome to missing limbs to no sense organs. But, when confronted with this list, some physicians objected: "I wouldn't resuscitate an anencephalic, but for the rest, I can't play God. If I have the equipment, I'll use it. . . . I find those cutoffs totally unacceptable. . . . There is much difference between not treating an infant with trisomy 18, hydrocephalus or cystic fibrosis and not operating on a Down's

Continued on page 35


THE RUNNER
Preview of a New Magazine
Coming in September

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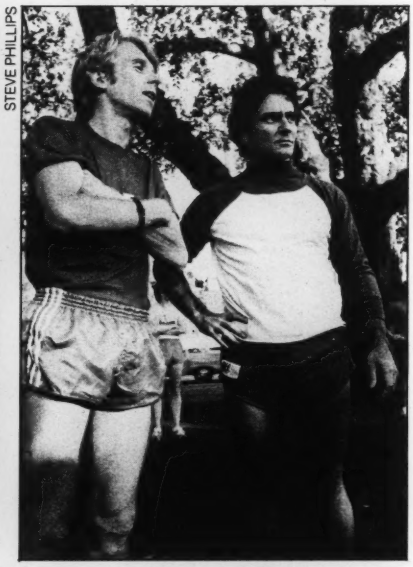

In the Run: Shorter and Hirsch tuning up for the '76 New York City Marathon; Sheehan practicing what he preaches; Rodgers and Editor Larsen at a *New Times* "fun run" in October '77.

You have in your hands a small sample of what we have in mind for *The Runner.* It is not easy to say in 16 editorial pages what one plans to say in 50. Many of the elements are missing here—in-depth profiles, coverage of road running events, columns of advice and training tips, book reviews, etc., but in these few pages we believe we have given you some of the flavor of the magazine we will be publishing in September, not to mention some examples of excellent writing and journalism: Dr. George A. Sheehan on the whys and wherefores of running; Judith Hennessee's exploration of the social impact of running; and Sam Merrill's drop-in visit with Bruce Dern.

I am particularly proud to publish the first excerpt from George Sheehan's book, *Running And Being,* to be published in mid-April by Simon & Schuster.

George and I go way back to the pre-boom days, when marathoners were as rare as American Bald Eagles. In 1969, shortly after running in the Boston Marathon, George and I appeared on the David Susskind show with Vince Chiapetta, then president of the New York Road Runners Club, and Andy Crichton, then a senior editor of *Sports Illustrated.* We all felt as "freakish" as astronauts newly returned from the moon. Now, of course, running has become so popular that early proselytizers are worried (see Dern's comments), and Sheehan himself has become, depending on your frame of reference, the Kahlil Gibran, the Baba Ram Dass or the Marshall McLuhan of the sport. George's article in these pages, condensed from two chapters of his book, is as fine a rationale for road running as you'll ever read.

Most celebrities in the world of running, of course, have come by their fame not by putting one word in front of another, but one foot in front of another. Three such have signed on as Contributing Editors of *The Runner:* Bill Rodgers, Frank Shorter and Nina Kuscsik. Bill, the American record-holder in the marathon, has dominated the road running scene in the last year or two; Frank, the Olympic gold-medal winner in 1972 and silver-medal winner in 1976, placed second (after Rodgers) on *Track & Field News'* Top Ten in Road Racing in 1977 in spite of a series of injuries; and Nina, one of the pioneers of women road runners, placed first in the women's division of the Boston Marathon when it was finally opened to women in 1972.

Virtually everyone else on the staff of *The Runner* will be enthusiasts of the sport, to greater or lesser degrees. John Cabell, our full-time ad salesman, graduated from Princeton University last June, leaving behind a string of records, both on the track and in cross country; Editor-in-Chief Jon Larsen, on loan from *New Times,* runs mostly on weekends, and insists on being called a "jogger, not a runner."

But we will demand no such fidelity to the sport from our writers and photographers. *Most* will be runners, but we plan to put professional journalism and graphics ahead of time splits and percentages of body fat. We believe Hennessee's article on page R14, and our cover, designed by Steve Phillips and photographed by James Joern, prove the point: not one of the three runs.

One last note: the first person to correctly guess the identity of the runner in our THE RUNNER IS COMING photograph on page R11, and its location, will be sent a framed 24" x 35" poster of same. We'll announce the answer in our September issue. (If you'd like the poster itself, unframed, send $4.95 to *The Runner,* One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.)

Until September—happy running.

George A. Hirsch
Publisher

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

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WarmUps

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You don't have to be a world-class runner to travel and compete on the European road-racing circuit. If you can fork up between $700 and $1,000, World Athletic Tours will send you overseas for two weeks, handle all of your accomodations and sightseeing and assure your entry in the race of your choice.

WAT expects to send a minimum of 40 runners on each of its eight 1978 tours to Bavaria and the British Isles. The price for a New York departure to Scotland, for example, for the Two Bridges 36-miler in August, is listed at $749 for a two-week stay ($1,018 from the West Coast). That includes two meals per day and a side trip to Loch Ness "to look for Nessy, the Loch Ness Monster."

JERRY ZIMMERMAN

"International travel for runners has fantastic potential," says WAT boss Mark Winzenreid, a three-time NCAA half-mile champion for the University of Wisconsin who narrowly missed a berth on the 1972 U.S. Olympic team.

Perhaps even more appealing than WAT's established tours are the options available to enterprising runners with flexible vacation time. WAT's brochure lists more than 100 races, scheduled between March 25 and November 22, from 5 miles to 100 kilometers. London, Düsseldorf, Berlin and Copenhagen are on the circuit; so are such exotic-sounding retreats as St. Sulpice, Reichenschwand and Ballyclare. WAT can also get you a Eurailpass, rental car and a stay in a Swiss chalet surrounded by wooded running trails. And, if you book any part of your tour through WAT, Winzenreid will make sure you're properly identified on the starting line at, say, the Chevy Chase (England) 17-miler on June 4.

In its fourth year, the Madison, Wisconsin, firm (315 West Gorham St.) also books tours for track-and-field, soccer, hockey and gymnastics enthusiasts. Winzenreid, recalling his salad days as an international competitor, has something special in the works, and all he is saying now is that "it involves runners from several countries meeting at a neutral destination. Probably in the Caribbean, in 1979."

Burglars no match for Burfoot

Ambrose Burfoot won the 1968 Boston Marathon, but the race he will never forget was a five-block sprint last month near his home in New London, Connecticut. He won that one, too—and the opposition had a head start.

The 31-year-old magazine editor was having lunch in the upstairs level of the two-family house he and his wife, Susan, own when he heard "strange noises" in their tenant's apartment.

"Then," Amby reports, "I saw a couple of kids disappear with stereo equipment under their arms. Instinctively I gave chase, running after them, yelling and screaming. After about five blocks, I finally cornered one of them and I called the police."

Burfoot, who still runs marathons, kidded, "My endurance must have done it. Chalk up one more benefit for running. But my shoes were not the best in six inches of snow. I should have worn spikes."

LANE STEWART FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED TIME INC.

Marathoner fired up over run

Can a marathon runner compete successfully in long-distance races and still be physically unable to absorb the wear-and-tear of the New York City Fire Department? Five years ago, department officials said yes and retired Gary Muhrcke, now 37, because of a herniated disc in his back.

Now they're not so sure, not after Muhrcke upstaged King Kong and won a well-publicized race up 85 stories of the Empire State Building on February 14. The department has been paying Muhrcke $11,822 a year as a tax-free disability pension. The pension board says it will re-evaluate Muhrcke's status.

It took Gary only 12 minutes, 32 seconds to race the 1,575 steps. (The elevator does it in 1 minute, 30 seconds.) "The run up those stairs," he conceded, "was very easy."

So why can't he help put out fires? "The trouble in my back is very real," says Muhrcke (pronounced MUR-key). "You can't fake a herniated disc. I can't push, pull, lift or carry. But I can run." A noted New York City chiropractor, who specializes in the treatment of runners and other athletes, agrees. Dr. Seymour Mac Goldstein has never treated Muhrcke, but he has seen many patients with herniated discs. "What he would get," affirms Goldstein, "is a flare-up of a chronic condition. Lifting a heavy object would wipe him out."

Goldstein states further that those afflicted with Muhrcke's condition can run, walk, stand or lie down without serious difficulty, but when they sit for a long while, it hurts. For this reason, says Goldstein, such persons could not serve on a jury or work as a cop in a patrol car.

Running is good therapy for the ailment, according to Goldstein, who claims that "it can keep one flexible enough to maintain A.D.L.—Activities for Daily Living."

Muhrcke injured himself in March 1972. His engine company responded to a call and he was required to help push a stalled pumper. "I collapsed right on the street," he recalls. "They took me to the hospital, and I was in traction for two weeks."

Thus, the Fire Department gave Muhrcke a desk job, "but that didn't work out," he says. "I couldn't sit for long without excruciating pain." He was retired from the department on July 23, 1973.

Since then Muhrcke has been in the burgeoning running shoe business, first from a well-stocked van (Super Shoe on Tour) and more recently from his new retail shop on Long Island.

Muhrcke has continued to run daily (occasionally with a back brace), has clocked 2:25 for the marathon and placed second last year in Britain's famed 52-mile London-to-Brighton race. But it was his Valentine's Day sprint up the Empire State Building that struck a sensitive nerve in the New York Fire Department and the *New York Times*, which editoralized: "Perhaps the Fire Department will think of a new assignment for Mr. Muhrcke. He could run ahead of the engines on busy streets. . . . He could run up burning buildings, warning people to get out. . . . If nothing else, he could always be used to give firehouse Dalmations a course in jogging. We bet Mr. Muhrcke could run the spots off them."

Roots stirs foto-finish

Whites are still searching the African soil for blacks in a latter-day version of *Roots*, but now they look in East Africa, not West; travel by plane, not boat; and the "captives" are encouraged to run, not stay put. Oh, do they run!

The hunters are U.S. college coaches and invitational track meet directors. They seek to gloss their teams or events and find it quite beneficial to tap the abundance of running talent that has blossomed, for example, in the remote valleys of Kenya.

As the pattern has become more prevalent, some segments of the running community have become more critical of it. The main problem seems to be not only that the Africans are here—but that they are winning with devastating regularity. Years ago, when most of the successful foreign runners were white and came from Canada, England, Ireland and Scandinavia, little outcry accompanied their efforts.

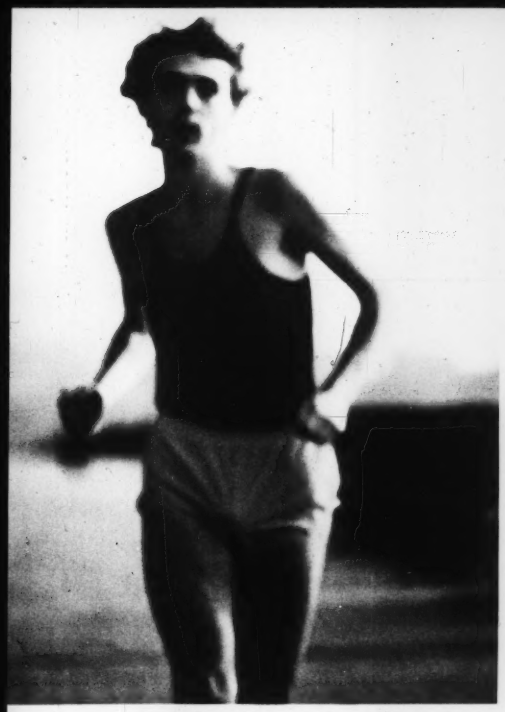
Today, they are black, most of them, and stopwatches predictably hit the fan whenever they score a rout at an American collegiate championship.

JAMES DRAKE FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED TIME INC.

Bill and Jerome and Frank and...Shigeru?

America's Bill Rodgers, the 1975 champion, Canada's Jerome Drayton, last year's winner, and first-time entrant Frank Shorter may have more than each other to worry about in next month's Boston Marathon. A relatively unknown entry from Japan named Shigeru Sou recently unleashed a 2:09:06 performance, which betters Rodgers' U.S. mark (2:09:55) and stands second to Derek Clayton's world record of 2:08:34.

The Japanese regularly attend the Boston assemblage and have won five times since 1951. Will Sou be number six? And if indeed he does appear, what will his race strategy be? If Sou's magnificent run on February 5 in the Japanese coastal city of Beppu is any indication, Rodgers et al. will be playing catch-up for most of the famed route. Sou, whose previous best was 2:14:59 (in 1976, when he was ranked 15th in the world), was more than a minute ahead of Clayton's pace until he faltered in the late miles. At 30 kilometers (18.75 miles), his split was a phenomenal 1:29:30.



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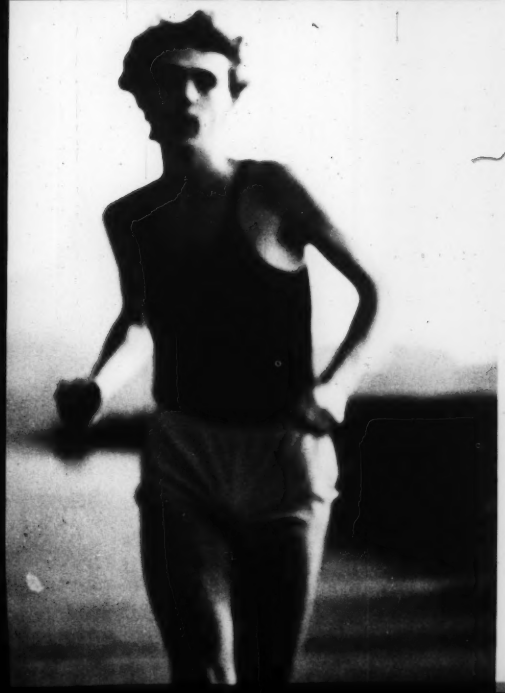

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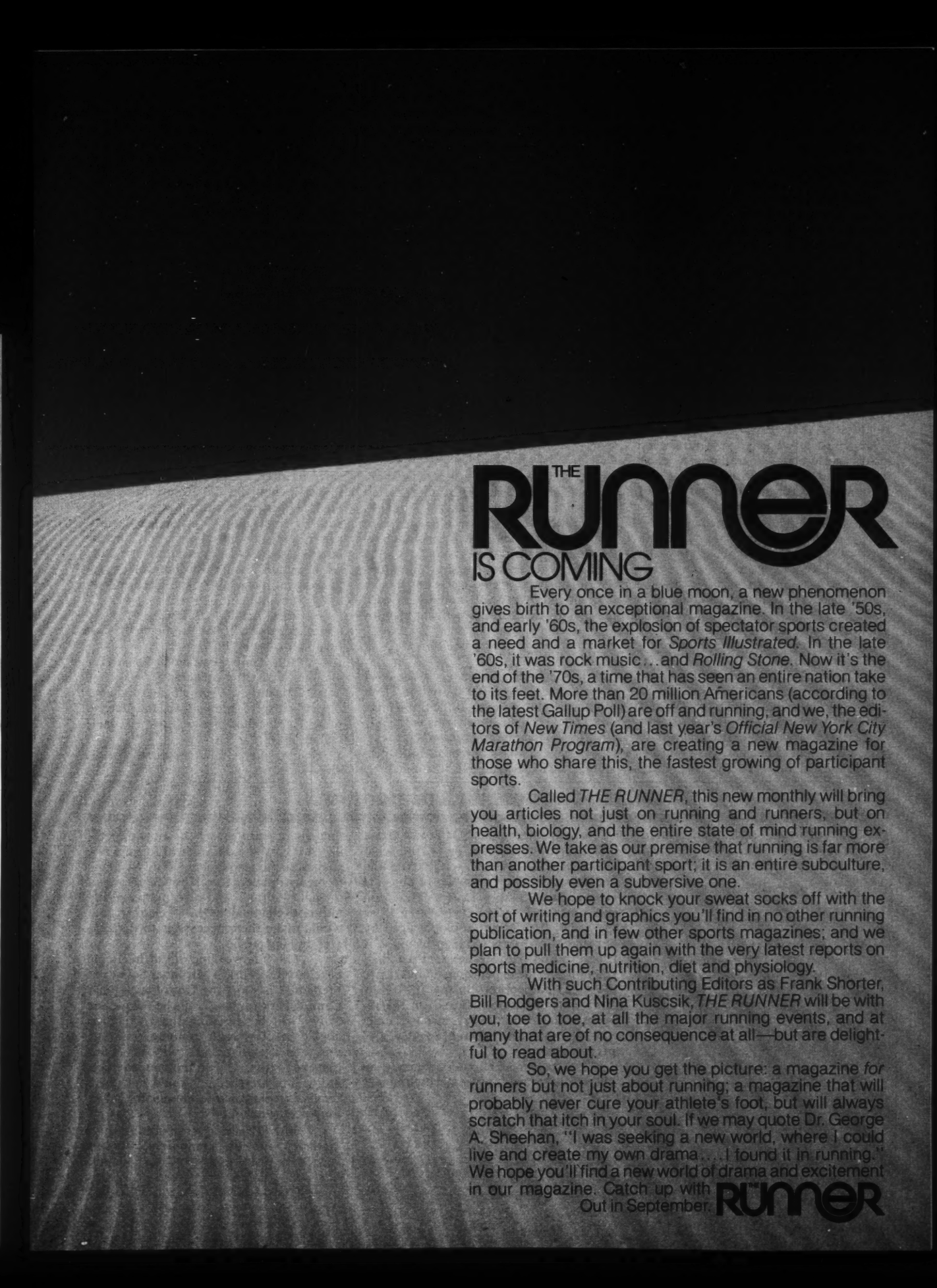


THE RUNNER IS COMING

Every once in a blue moon, a new phenomenon gives birth to an exceptional magazine. In the late '50s, and early '60s, the explosion of spectator sports created a need and a market for *Sports Illustrated*. In the late '60s, it was rock music...and *Rolling Stone*. Now it's the end of the '70s, a time that has seen an entire nation take to its feet. More than 20 million Americans (according to the latest Gallup Poll) are off and running, and we, the editors of *New Times* (and last year's *Official New York City Marathon Program*), are creating a new magazine for those who share this, the fastest growing of participant sports.

Called *THE RUNNER*, this new monthly will bring you articles not just on running and runners, but on health, biology, and the entire state of mind running expresses. We take as our premise that running is far more than another participant sport; it is an entire subculture, and possibly even a subversive one.

We hope to knock your sweat socks off with the sort of writing and graphics you'll find in no other running publication, and in few other sports magazines; and we plan to pull them up again with the very latest reports on sports medicine, nutrition, diet and physiology.

With such Contributing Editors as Frank Shorter, Bill Rodgers and Nina Kuscsik, *THE RUNNER* will be with you, toe to toe, at all the major running events, and at many that are of no consequence at all—but are delightful to read about.

So, we hope you get the picture: a magazine *for* runners but not just about running; a magazine that will probably never cure your athlete's foot, but will always scratch that itch in your soul. If we may quote Dr. George A. Sheehan, "I was seeking a new world, where I could live and create my own drama....I found it in running." We hope you'll find a new world of drama and excitement in our magazine. Catch up with THE RUNNER. Out in September.

Book—and author—go the distance

HANK MORGAN

Writer-runner James F. Fixx is a man who practices what he preaches. When we caught up with the author of the highly successful *Complete Book of Running* (Random House), Fixx's schedule was temporarily dismantled. "I was just going out for a two-hour run," he said.

And the next time you skip a workout because of obligations that have spilled over at home and/or the office, ponder this: Jim Fixx, 45, who researched, wrote and helped promote the nation's number-one nonfiction best-seller, has not missed a day of running "since I conceived the idea for the book more than three years ago."

It doesn't require a pocket calculator to credit Fixx with more than 1,000 consecutive days, a figure even most world-class marathoners can't match. And that amid three separate promotional tours for the book, to a total of 20 cities.

"That's very fatiguing," says Fixx, who lives in Riverside, Connecticut, and has worked as a magazine writer and editor for the past 20 years. "My worst day was in Pittsburgh. It snowed terribly, so for the first time I jogged in place in my hotel room. I did it watching *The Mike Douglas Show* and didn't stop till it was over. It was the most boring 'run' I've ever had."

When Hal Higdon chronicled his running experiences in his book, *On the Run from Dogs and People*, in 1971, recreational running was considered aberrant behavior if not a serious illness. It was a different time, and road running (as we know it today) was barely in its infancy. Today, with an estimated 20 million joggers and runners and a nation bent on improving fitness and health, Fixx's book was right on time and right on target. The book's heavy promotional trimmings didn't hurt. Nor did the suggestive cover design, showing a runner in shorts, from the waist down, gastrocnemius, hamstring and quadriceps muscles in their proper sensual state of tautness and bulge.

Whose legs? Jim Fixx's, of course.

The book's hardcover sales have skyrocketed to 250,000 within four months of publication. At the retail price of 10 bucks a shot, that yields enough in royalties to finance any runner's fantasy. (Its critical success has been less spectacular. Erich Segal gave it a mixed review in the *New York Times* Sunday Book Review. So did Kenny Moore in *Sports Illustrated*.) But even with the kind of financial independence writers and runners dream about, Fixx insists he's the same old guy. Characteristically, his main concern at present is improving his marathon best of 3:12 in Boston next month.

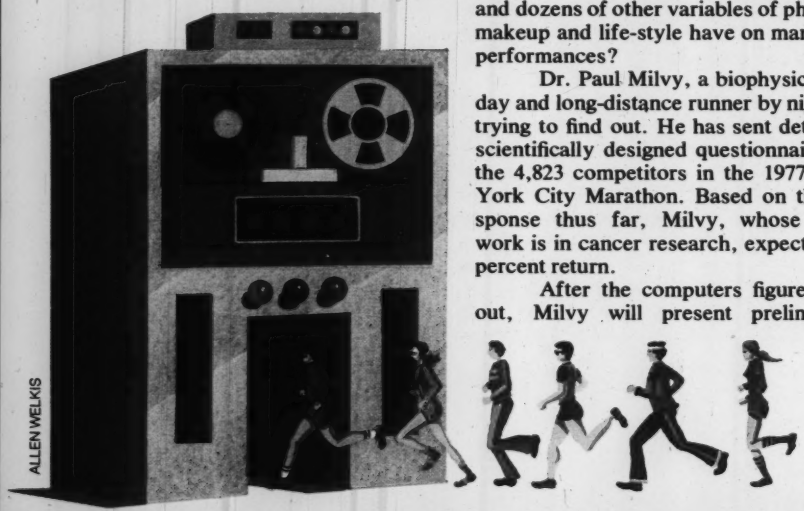
Fixx admits, "There are great temptations now. I have to be very careful about what I do."

But a runner can never be careful enough. "Just the other day," Fixx reports, "I nearly got run off the road by a doctor's car. I recognized the license plate, so I called the doctor. He said, 'Impossible!' "

To which Fixx replied, "Bullshit."

Finding runners rich or poor or...

Do divorcees make better marathoners than their married counterparts? How about runners who wear glasses? Or have high incomes? Or are over six feet tall? Or under five feet? And what effect, exactly, do diet, weight, training and dozens of other variables of physical makeup and life-style have on marathon performances?



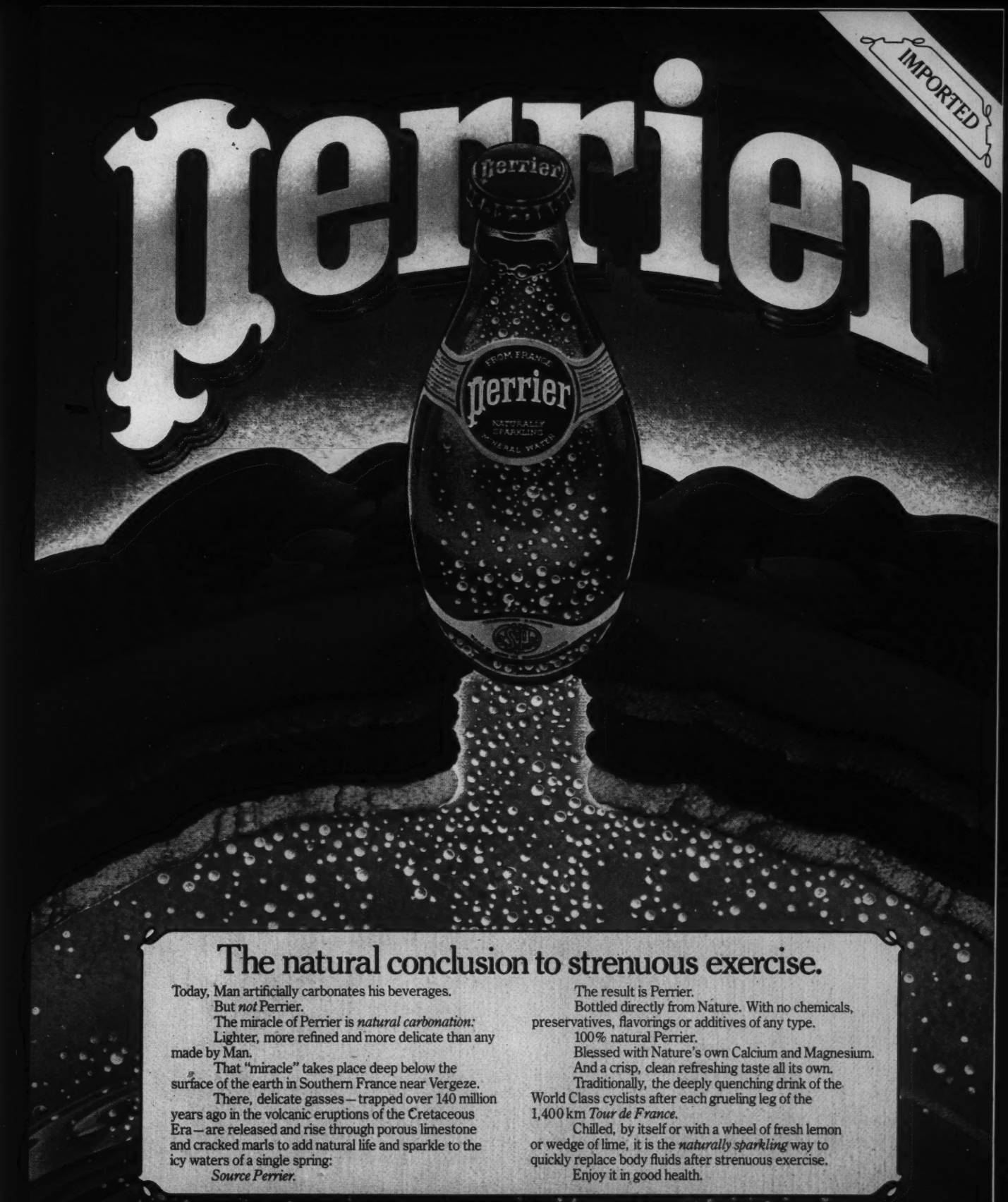
ALLEN WELKIS

Dr. Paul Milvy, a biophysicist by day and long-distance runner by night, is trying to find out. He has sent detailed, scientifically designed questionnaires to the 4,823 competitors in the 1977 New York City Marathon. Based on the response thus far, Milvy, whose main work is in cancer research, expects a 40 percent return.

After the computers figure it all out, Milvy will present preliminary findings in April before the annual meeting of the American Medical Joggers Association. Subsequent to that, he plans to present papers to scientific and physiological journals and also publicize the ultimate conclusions in a manner that would make them accessible to the general running public.

Milvy is working out of his home base at New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, a short jog from the popular Central Park running trails he frequents. Milvy will be equating the correlation coefficient for each running variable, which is a statistician's way of saying that the factors of diet, income, mileage, etc. will be weighed and rated as to their relative importance in influencing marathon performance.

Milvy has not yet poured his own statistics into the computers. For the record, he is 46, six feet tall, 160 pounds, has been running for seven years, has completed 15 marathons and has a best time of 3:17.



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JAY MAISEL/THE IMAGE BANK

By Judith Adler Hennessee

David Santry, a 32-year-old Wall Street columnist who runs two marathons a year, has been running since he was 14. His wife, Phyllis, a city planner, also runs. She runs in the morning; he runs at night. "After the Boston Marathon last year, we ran together," she said. "In the first three laps around the track I was in terrific shape. I felt marvellous; I was flying along. Finally, on the fourth lap, he said, 'You don't have to go so slowly. It won't hurt my feelings.'" They don't run together anymore.

"He keeps telling me I knew when I married him," says Phyllis. "That's true, but I just never realized the magnitude of it. David runs when he has a temperature of 105 and it's 4 degrees out. Everything else works around it. There's no such thing as a 7:30 curtain or a drink after work. Running comes before food, shelter, sleep, everything. If we have company coming at 8 o'clock, at 7:30 he goes out to run. I can't tell you how many times we have survived a divorce that he doesn't know about. Once

For the wife and husband of the die-hard runner, too often the track becomes the rack, and each step the wrong one

The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Marriage

we had company for the weekend. They more or less invited themselves. We couldn't stand them. He went out and ran for hours—he disappeared—leaving me with the company."

"She bears the brunt of it," said David.

David works until 7:00 or so, starts running at 8:00, and gets home at 9:30. They have dinner at 10:30 or 11:00.

"It's like living in Spain," he says.

"I used to get blind drunk waiting for him," says Phyllis. "I learned not to have a cocktail first. Before running he takes about an hour: 200 sit-ups on a sit-up board in the middle of the living room (you have to rearrange all the furniture); 200 push-ups, grunting and groaning; and wrist-roller exercises. The whole thing takes two or three hours, including running. Then he comes home, sits for a while cooling off, has a beer, has another beer, then a shower, then dinner. There are all these smelly running clothes hanging in the bathroom."

"We live close to Central Park and Lincoln Center," he says. "She goes to the ballet and opera, and I run. That gives you an idea of our sensibilities."

Running is always carved out of family time, rarely out of working time. A workaholic can be tolerated in a way that an addicted runner never can.

"I have a lot of time to myself," she says. "We were married when I was 30. We were set in our ways. He does two things—he reads the *Wall Street Journal* or he runs. There's no blond on the side you have to worry about. It always gives you something to give him for a present—either running gear or a book. If he works late, he runs at 11:00 p.m. I've given up on the pitch that he'll get mugged. David maintains that he runs faster than any mugger. The new pitch is that I worry. That doesn't work either. There's a scenario in my head of my walking through Central Park in the middle of the night with a flashlight, looking for him."

The Santry arrangement illustrates the slight sprains inflicted on a marriage by the hard-core running life. It works because they both need time to themselves. Other runners take the togetherness approach. "It's terrific for families with children because they see their parents trying to achieve something in athletics in their middle years," said David Geyer, a Los Angeles advertising executive who runs with his artist wife, Carol. "Every relationship is strengthened by finding reasons for doing things together—the 'we' in every marriage gets stronger when you are exploring outer limits together."

When you are exploring them alone, however, the solitary quality, the self-absorbed isolation of running can threaten a marriage. More than playing backgammon; more than sitting around in a bar for two hours before coming home, the dedicated lone runner can cause serious cracks in his partner's ego. The idea that one's spouse would rather slog through the freezing mud than be home enjoying one's own delightful company—that being alone is better than being with you—is hard to accept. It's like preferring someone of the same sex. There's no way to compete with it.

Obviously, running and its accoutrements—the sweaty clothes decorating the bathroom, the exercise equipment displacing the living room furniture, the spoiled dinners, the disjointed social life—cannot be held accountable for a disintegrating marriage. It can only speed up the process. Running changes people. When, after 15 years, a sedentary lump puts on a pair of shorts and starts to run, all sorts of other things are bound to happen. The terms of the relationship change; he becomes a different person from the one you've known all these years. And running is always carved out of family time, rarely out of working time. A workaholic can be tolerated in a way that an addicted runner cannot. Being in thrall to economics is one thing; playing second fiddle to a pair of Adidas is quite another.

"I used to think there were a lot of unsympathetic wives," said a serious runner and sporting goods merchant in Miami who didn't want his name used for fear it would hurt his business. "I felt there were all these gentlemen out there making themselves healthy. It was a positive thing; they weren't sitting around in bars. I don't think that anymore. They come into the store and most of them have flipped out over running. They eat it, live it, breathe it, talk it—it's the only thing on their minds. They are definitely unreasonable. They're obsessed with it."

In the Central Park Track Club in the last six months, at least three couples decided to dissolve their marriages, and a fourth is testing the waters. Of each couple, one runs and the other doesn't. The other is the wife. Here is one former wife's tale of woe: "I stood on my head to make my marriage work. Running took up more and more of his time. He was never at home on Sundays. If a man works during the week, he should spend weekends with his family. He wouldn't sacrifice it for anything. We lived together for over 12 years. We had small children, and I found myself alone a lot. With the second baby, I was really alone. I tried to incorporate his friends into our life. I was very supportive. I was very hurt by his absence, his preoccupation with times, distances, this race, that race. As he was gone for longer and longer periods, I developed a severe form of asthma. And there was nobody to leave the children with.

"I think running is terrific when it's not an obsession. Running wasn't what ruined things—but there's a personality trait of runners. I suspect they're egocentric, selfish people. I became this thing to take care of him all the time. He was just taking, not giving. My life revolved around what he needed—diet changes, equipment, weights for weight lifting, exercise mats for exercising before he went to sleep, special health foods just for him. You can't imagine. He became preoccupied with his body, with looking good. There's not an ounce of fat on him. It was very important to be in shape, muscular, masculine—possibly he had problems about masculinity.

"He's not particularly giving. He started doing 30-mile races. He used to faint, he used to disappear. He always had injuries. We'd go from one doctor to another. At the beach, on Fire Island, there were days when he'd be gone four or five hours in 90-degree heat. I was worried he'd expire on the beach. It was an excruciating experience."

Another running widow without an obsession of her own hopes her story will be helpful to others. Her husband, who became addicted four years ago, not only runs but sponsors running events. "I'm reluctant to knock it because I haven't tried it," she says. "I sometimes think if I don't start running I won't have a marriage. It's very time-consuming—a 2½- or 3-hour commitment every day—but I can live with the time. I'm more resentful of racing. I can't fathom why a middle-aged man thinks it's important to go to a Sunday race and come home with a plastic trophy. I get stuck with having to take the kids to museums. I chafe a little bit about that. But there's a thing beyond physical fitness. An egotism. He satisfies himself and everything else can go hang. Last spring there was a fire in our country house. All summer I was up there with the builders and the carpenters, there was furniture to refinish—and he came up on weekends and ran. He was not much help."

Their social life hasn't exactly fallen apart, but the juice has gone out of it. "He goes to the theater and ballet to please me, not because he's interested in them. Running is the only thing that lights him up. I tell him he'll have a terrific cardiovascular system, but his brain will become mush."

Her husband agrees with her—and keeps on running. "It's a very introverted type of thing," he said. "It's selfish, an individually rewarding thing. It has no relation to family activity. I have to budget the time very carefully. Maybe there's a male menopause between 35 and 45. I felt the need to do something that was a challenge."

In the face of strong opposition, the need to run generates deceit. In a Chicago suburb where the wife is home with small children all day and the husband skips dinner and runs seven or eight miles at night, he feels too guilty to let her know how much he likes it. "When I go on a good run, I tend to tell her I ran very badly and didn't enjoy myself at all. I lead her to believe I'm not in as good physical condition as I was before I married. I do think it's unfair of me to crank up like this at night. I never could run in the morning. I'd rather have a cup of coffee. She's right—it disrupts the family. It's a selfish activity. But it makes my personality better—I'm cheer-

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1972	78	37:01.7	Jacqueline Dixon	Calif.
1973	103	36:48.7	Katherine Shrader	N.Y.
1974	157	35:45.6	Doreen Ennis	N.J.
1975	304	35:56.6	Charlotte Lettis	Mass.
1976	492	35:04.8	Julie Shea	N.C.
1977	2277	34:15.3	Peg Neppel	Iowa

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"When we do run together, I tend to get temper tantrums."

ful, I have more energy, I'm not grumpy, not tense on the job. If I told her I'd like to run in the marathon . . . " Words failed him.

Bennett Gershman, a New York lawyer, was obliged to sneak out of the house in order to run in the Boston Marathon. "I put on a suit and told my wife I was going to work," he said. "Then I caught a plane." Gershman used to run down the West Side Highway every morning to the World Trade Center and clean up in the office. "They thought I was Superman coming out of the shower in a business suit," he said. "I was immersed in it, dedicated to it. She thought it was selfish, vain, unproductive. Especially unproductive. She wouldn't have minded if I were doing something fruitful. I felt very guilty." Now separated from his wife, Gershman feels more relaxed about running. "I'm not as driven or obsessed—maybe because I'm a lot better at it. It's still a major part of my life, but I can take a day off."

Obsessions have their purposes. Did he think he had used running as a way to avoid dealing with the marriage? He thought he probably had. "I'm a solitary kind of person. On the whole, I like to be alone a lot."

In traditional marriages, it is usually the women who put up with the nonsense and derive their satisfactions from within the marriage. When women start running seriously, running to win, the entire life-style of the family changes. Their husbands, accustomed to being catered to, find it difficult to make large accommodations and are threatened by the feeling of accomplishment, the sense of self-worth the wives get from something outside the marriage. The fact that the women compete in sports, a field men have always considered their private preserve, is even more insulting. In Malibu, a woman whose husband flatly disapproves of her running is getting a divorce. She competes a lot, and passes men who are twice her size, an accomplishment that has given her a sense of her own physical strength. She found herself strong enough to live without him. In *See How She Runs*, a television movie shown a few months ago, Joanne Woodward played a middle-aged woman separated from her husband who gains a sense of adventure and anticipation about her once-stale life from running in the Boston Marathon. At the end, she isn't sure anymore whether she wants to go back to her husband. She has become independent, able to do things on her own.

"There are always problems if you discover a new part of your personality. It would be the same if you decided to change careers in midlife," said Nina Kuscsik, who is something of a cult figure, having been the first woman to win the Boston Marathon in 1972 (the first time women were permitted officially to run in it). Her ex-husband never ran as well as she did, or as fast.

"Just about every famous woman marathoner is either childless or has been divorced," says Joan Ullyot, a San Francisco MD who has written one book about running and is planning a chapter on running and divorce in her second book. "Any woman who takes up running undergoes a dramatic change. She becomes more self-confident. She gains self-esteem; she becomes visibly self-assertive. The less independent they were, the more dramatic the change. In the middle of my divorce I was doing some hill running, and I met a guy that I had outrun in a previous hill race. 'I can't get over how you blazed past me,' he said. 'Are you getting a divorce by any chance?' "

In the spring of 1972, five women who were running in the Earth Day Marathon on Long Island got divorced, among them Katherine Switzer, who once disguised herself as a man in order to run in the all-male 1967 Boston Marathon. "We don't blame running," said Switzer. "The marriages weren't working. We all concurred that running gave us confidence and independence. We knew we wouldn't stay in a bad situation forever." Switzer is now going with a man who is not afraid to be supportive. "He stands out in the cold, timing me on my laps," she says. "He pushes me. He says, 'If you don't realize yourself now, when you're 40 you'll look back with regret and blame me.' "

Joan Ullyot was a bookworm married to a jock with a drawerful of medals when she started running. He was also a successful heart surgeon. Her being a doctor didn't bother him, but running did. "I was encroaching on his territory. One of his first remarks was that taking up a sport was okay, but why couldn't it be something feminine, like tennis? I left the table in tears." Now she is going with a fireman who jogs now and then. "He is so secure. When people ask him, 'Are you going to compete with Joan?' he says, 'Would I play pool with Minnesota Fats?' "

Even when there is no competition between a husband and wife, the rest of the world conspires against them, ridiculing the man. Carol Schreiber, a Greenwich, Connecticut, housewife who has five children (four of them quadruplets), transferred her incipient bike riding addiction to the Boston Marathon last April and inspired her husband to begin running regularly. "He is very competitive about tennis," she says, "but it doesn't bother him that I run better. I finished a minute ahead of him in a five-mile race in Greenwich last Memorial Day. We started out together." After the Marathon, Red Smith interviewed her for the Sunday *New York Times*, an hour in the spotlight that brought her husband a good deal of ribbing from fellow attorneys and tennis partners. "It's one thing for your wife to get more ink than you do," they said, "but on the *sports page*???"

Regardless of whether the man or the woman is better or faster, the competition factor does not always come into play. When it doesn't, usually the couple runs for different reasons and the woman has a life of her own outside the marriage. In the Jeannette Koszuth/Peter Dennison household, Jeannette, a literary agent, is the addict. She runs alone at 6:30 a.m. for an hour; in the evenings after work they run together. "It doesn't bother him that I'm better," she says. "He doesn't care that much. He likes getting his blood going. I like the sensation of reaching the point of approaching crisis—the mind-control aspects of running. I run more for tension release. I feel oceanic. He uses it more to supplement weight training."

The Seiffers, Eric and Shari, used to have difficulties, but have outgrown them. "Eric runs and I jog," said Shari, a systems analyst. "He runs in 7-degree weather, when it's snowing. With his beard, he looks like a frozen Santa Claus." He started running in 1973, 13 years after they were married. "It was like being a golf widow," Shari said. "He ran for long periods of time and then he would nap. It took up the whole day." She started a year after he did, not in self-defense but for health and exercise reasons. "I hated it," she says. "Now it takes me just as long as it takes him." Eric, who runs a New York State investigation commission, began arriving home later and later from work. He ran at night, which practically did away with family life entirely. But he made the sacrifice and started running early in the morning. "It's awful," he says. "I'm not a morning person."

Buffeted by trucks, Carol Geyer, a Malibu artist and housewife, gritted her teeth and ran up and down the Pacific

Running as Birth Control?

By Marc Bloom

Runners are sexier. It is a mythology that has been raised to the level of doctrine, printed as it is on tee-shirts across the country. RUNNERS DO IT BETTER; RUNNERS KEEP IT UP LONGER. For a sport that is avowedly non-competitive and anti-macho, one even senses some old-fashioned male swaggering on this point, and why not? Runners *are* leaner and more supple, better conditioned for marathon events of every sort. So the assumption that runners make better lovers was not just permissible, but logical.

To date, however, the hypothesis has not been supported by scientific study. Admittedly, one would hardly know where to start testing a concept as vague as "sexual performance," but there have been some preliminary findings on the most fundamental, literal grounds—measuring sperm counts and hormone levels—and these do not seem encouraging.

The notion that serious long-distance running may not lead to better sexual performance was first raised by a little-known Finnish study, conducted in 1973 and published in 1976 in the British *Journal of Steroid Biochemistry*. Researchers in the Department of Clinical Chemistry at the University of Helsinki set up a controlled experiment during a marathon in Athens. Fourteen male runners, ages 27 to 58, were tested for hormone levels just before, and just after, the marathon. From those hormone levels the researchers concluded: "Marathon running causes marked alteration in plasma cortisol, testosterone and androstenedione, to some degree connected with the physical fitness of the athletes. After the run the mean values showed a rise in cortisol and androstenedione and a fall in testosterone." The report adds, "These changes were statistically highly significant."

All three of these hormones impact on male sexuality. A rise or fall in their levels can adversely affect fertility, both decreasing sex drives and lowering sperm counts.

In the United States, very few researchers have even looked into this problem, but one who has, Dr. Mona Shangold, believes it is worth further study. An obstetrician-gynecologist and reproductive-endocrinologist at New York's Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Shangold has concluded from the Finnish study and her own observations that "there may be a relationship between reproductive problems and chronic exercise such as the extensive training done by long-distance runners." Herself a marathon runner (she completed the 1977 New York Marathon in 4:17), Shangold believes such strenuous training may also disrupt women's menstrual cycles, creating fertility problems: "I know of several women who run long distances and who have irregular periods. And irregular periods are commonly associated with infertility."

Shangold believes that a decrease in body weight, and in body fat, may also affect fertility in both sexes. "Women can stop menstruating when they lose a lot of weight," she points out. "I would think that men also (with a lower percent of body fat) could stop having normal testicular function."

Another physician doing work in this area with women athletes is Dr. Harmon Brown, a 47-year-old internist in San Mateo, California. Dr. Brown, who also runs, is director of Student Health Services at California State University at Hayward and director of Olympic development for women's track-and-field. "It's pretty speculative right now," he says, "but a number of women runners who have stopped training have resumed their menstrual cycles. This seems to be related to body fat."

If a correlation between very low body-fat counts and fertility problems is ever proven, it may mean that runners of both sexes may have to lay off training for brief periods if they wish to have children. How long? For women, until their disrupted cycles return to normal. For men? Shangold says that, in theory, a male with a low sperm count who wished to restore the count to normal would have to stop running for 74 days, "because it takes 74 days for a new sperm to mature."

Examples of infertility among runners may be more common for women because men with low sperm counts would not be physically cognizant of it while women are obviously aware of even subtle changes in their menstrual cycles. Also, men might tend to be more embarrassed and, therefore, clandestine about such revelations.

Regarding both sexes, Shangold is quick to emphasize that, at this point, "there is nothing in the literature to support the belief that there is a high infertility rate amoung runners." The problem may be on a very small scale indeed, because there are different levels of susceptibility, and the same stress to different people does not produce the same effects. In any case, Shangold hopes to break new ground in this area. "I would be happy to study men or women," she says. "I think this ought to be looked at."

Coast Highway to prepare herself for the New York Marathon last October. She finished 50th (in 3:40), having started from zero the previous May and worked herself up to 98 miles a week, an accomplishment that her husband ,David (who missed his own marathon goal of breaking three hours), still tells people about. "I had to stop painting for the summer," she said. "That was the sacrifice."

Another couple unmatched on the track, Fritz and Marnie Mueller, went through three marathons, but not together. "It's not because we don't like each other," he said. Fritz, a chemist who holds the American record for marathon runners over 40 and is a hard man to keep up with, runs 70 to 100 miles a week, depending on the season, in the afternoon. Marnie runs in the morning to stay in shape. "I do feel jealous, but I'm better at other things," she said. "I wonder why he can get so good and I just struggle along. When we do run together, I tend to have temper tantrums. He's running faster and faster, and I'm expiring. I get furious, and we have a horrendous fight. We get it all out in the running."

But it is in the Fixx family where the voice of sanity rings sweet and clear, unjangled by neurotic twinges. "It has called for forbearance on both sides," says Jim Fixx, author of the number-one best-seller *The Complete Book of Running*. "On Thanksgiving Day when Alice would like me to be grinding cranberries, I'm out running." Alice, a public relations consultant whose energy is more mental than physical, has no interest in running. "Alice has never uttered a single peep of dissent. Not a mumble. I am very much aware of the importance of not being a bore on the subject."

Jim Fixx, in fact, could write a new book on running, entitled *How to Get Along with People Who Don't Run—Including Your Spouse*. It might save a lot of marriages. Notice how considerate he is, by the testimony of his own wife: "Jim is very much a rustic, Vermont-vacation person," says Alice, "but he travels to foreign countries for my benefit." And though he runs every day, wherever they are, he tries to finish and towel off in time for them to get on to the next town before dark. Best of all, en route Jim looks about as he runs for points of interest for Alice. She cites an example: "Once, in a tawdry English resort town, Weston-Super-Mare, he found Druid remains—a circle like Stonehenge, in someone's backyard."

Clearly, the Fixx approach is better than running over the remains of your marriage. And how did he figure it out? "It's like anything else," he says. "It's common sense." ■

Judith Adler Hennessee is mostly sedentary. Sometimes she walks to restaurants. She never runs.

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Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing." The runners' philosopher disagrees. Says he: "Play's the thing.

"I Found It in Running"

By Dr. George A. Sheehan

If you think that life has passed you by, or even worse you are living someone else's life, you can still prove the experts wrong.

Beginning

The people who think they know say that given a second chance a man will make the same mess of his life he did the first time. Playwrights and novelists over the years have never given us any hope that reliving our lives would have any different result the second time around. Our scientists and psychologists seem to agree. Even such disparate thinkers as Bucky Fuller and B. F. Skinner are together on this. "We shouldn't try to change people," writes Skinner. "We should change the world in which people live." It is a thought Fuller has often expressed.

Some of course take an opposing view. The people who deal in Faith, Hope and Charity seem to think that one day is as good as another for changing your personal history. Philosophers since recorded time have recommended it. From Pindar to Emerson they have told us to become the thing we are; to fulfill our design; to choose our own reality, our own way of being a man. What they didn't tell us was how to do it, or how difficult it would be. When Paul said to put on the New Man, he reminded us of the unlimited potential of man; but the lives we lead constantly remind us of the obvious limits to this potential.

Clearly the Good Life is not as accessible as the books say. And yet it is not from want of trying that we have failed. We start our new lives with almost as much frequency as Mark Twain gave up smoking (thousands of times) and with about the same success.

Cliché True?

Can tomorrow be the first day of the rest of your life? And can that life be completely different from the mess it is today? The answer, of course, has to be yes, or all those great men wouldn't have said so. But how do you go about it?

The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to retrace your steps. To go back to that period of your life when you were operating as a successful human being (although you most likely weren't aware of it). To go back to those times when your soul, your self, was not what you possessed or your social standing or other people's opinion but a totality of body, mind and spirit. And that totality interacting freely with your total environment.

Somewhere past childhood that integration of self, and that response to the universe, began to dissolve. We came more and more to associate who we were with what we owned; to judge ourselves by other people's rules; to live by other people's values. Coincidentally, or maybe not so coincidentally, our physical condition began to decline. We had reached the fork in the road. We took the well-traveled path.

One who took the path overgrown with weeds and rarely used was Henry David Thoreau. The world knows Thoreau as a man of intellect, a shrewd observer, a rebel against conventional values. What has not been emphasized is that he was an athlete, and a fine one. He was, of course, a great walker. This kept him in prime physical condition. "I inhabit my body," he wrote, "with inexpressible satisfaction: both its weariness and its refreshments." It would not be too much to say that Thoreau's other activities derived their vitality from the vitality of his body. That the self that was Thoreau depended on being as physical as he could be. And that no life can be completely lived without being lived completely on a physical level.

This may come as a surprise even to physical fitness leaders. Physical fitness programs have long been based on the desire to lead a long life, to forestall heart attacks, to feel better generally or to improve your figure. No one ever told us the body determined our mental and spiritual energies. That with the new body we can put on the new man and build a new life, the life we were always designed to lead but lost with the body we enjoyed in our youth.

Now common sense will tell you that you'll never see 28 again but the facts on fitness show that almost anyone can reach levels of vigor and strength and endurance equal to most of the 28-year-olds in this country. Given the good fortune to find an athletic activity that

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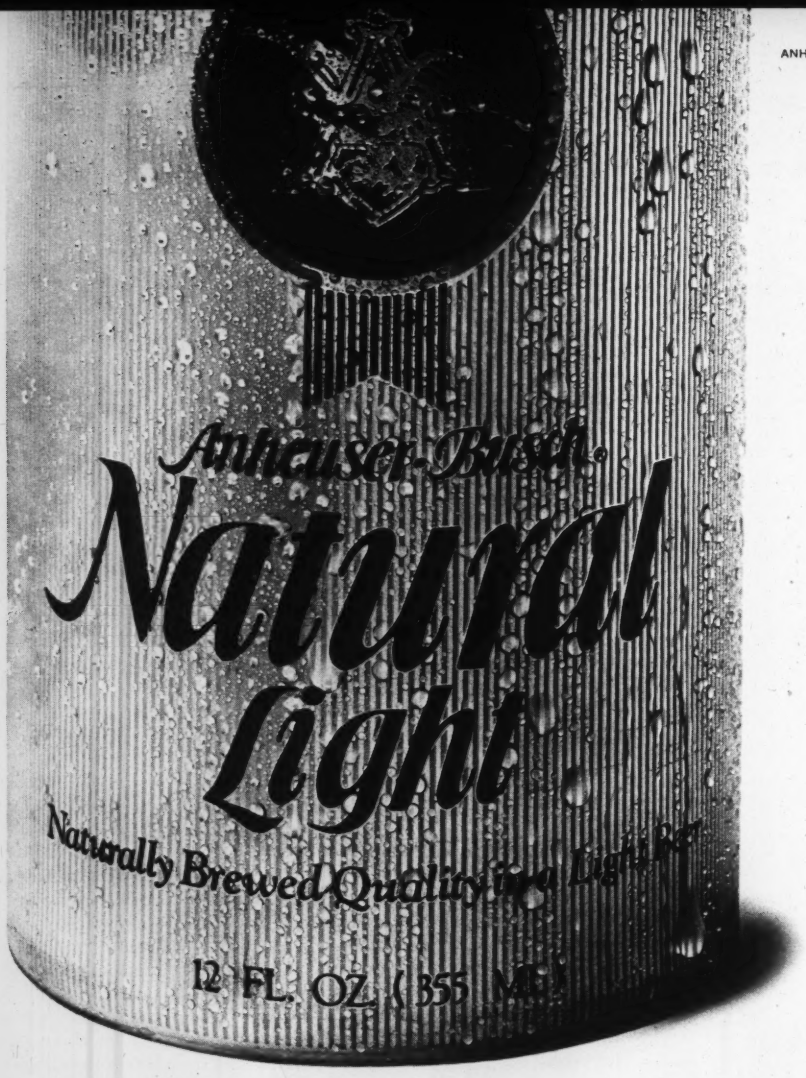

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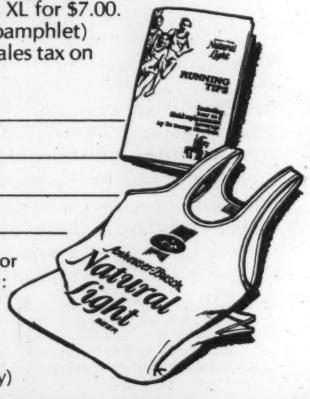

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fits him, a man can recapture his youth and a second chance to listen to what his total self held important at that time.

If you think that life has passed you by, or even worse, that you are living someone else's life, you can still prove the experts wrong. Tomorrow can be the first day of the rest of your life. All you have to do is to follow Thoreau. Inhabit your body with delight, with inexpressible satisfaction, both its weariness and its refreshments.

And you can do it if you'll just go back to that fork in the road.

If you are seeking the solutions for the Great Whys of your creation, you will have to start with the Little Hows of your day-to-day living. If you are looking for the answers to the Big Questions about your soul, you had best begin with the Little Answers about your body. If you would become either saint or metaphysician, you must first become an athlete.

Study the lives of those who sought their own meaning and the meaning of the Cosmos. Or read the works of the saints who lived the questions and waited for the answers in the hereafter. The common denominator of these people is asceticism, which comes from the Greek *askēsis*, meaning rigorous training, self-discipline and self-restraint.

The ascetic is no oddball recluse; he is someone seeking his optimum, his law, the life he is to lead. And asceticism is practiced by weight-lifters, football players and distance runners as well as by saints and philosophers.

"First be an ascetic, which means gymnastics," wrote Kierkegaard. "Then bear witness to the truth." And he took his own asceticism into walking and there he thought out and composed his philosophy. Kant was another great walker. His neighbors could set their clocks by his passage through town.

For Thoreau, the length of his walk made the length of his writing; if shut up in the house, he did not write at all. The mind and body, wrote Huxley, another advocate of fitness, are organically one. Motion and meditation are apparently a unity. "Sit as little as possible," wrote Nietzsche. "Give no credence to any thought that was not born outdoors, while one moved about freely—in which the muscles are not celebrating a feast, too."

But for your muscles to celebrate, and for you to move about freely, you have to pay attention to details like diet and climate and training. How can one play and think and find truth when stuffed with jelly donuts? Nutrition is still a very controversial subject, but few will argue that we get into more difficulty eating than fasting, and that our intake of salt and refined sugar is unnatural.

Still, exercise covers a multitude of dietary sins. The athlete's diet, through some inherent body wisdom now being allowed to operate, begins to conform to his needs, his nature. The athlete, without thinking about it, discovers that he is no longer smoking cigarettes, or taking alcohol. That he is eating only to live, rather than the opposite.

Attend then to the little things, to the commonplace of diet and your own form of play and sport. "I myself am my only obstacle to perfection," wrote Kierkegaard. The athlete has always known that. The athlete and the child at play have that same perception: that all things are possible and that I alone am master of my fate.

True, we must render unto Caesar. There are the 40 hours we must contribute to the common good and preservation of ourselves and our families. But beyond this door is freedom. The effort to make work more than the key to this door may not succeed in our lifetime or indeed in future lifetimes. But that should not bother us.

Today's work does not make us the persons we can be. Work is simply the price to be paid. Having earned our daily bread, we can turn to our daily play. Having paid our dues for survival, we can pay attention to the more serious business of living. Having taken care of our bank accounts, we are now ready to take care of our bodies and the minds that go with them.

Wisdom, it says here, begins at five p.m.

"Is there a doctor who has the time," wrote a 17-year-old West German to the medical ministry, "to tell me how to live healthily?"

I'm not sure there is a doctor who would touch that question even if he had the time. Living healthily is a question few physicians seem ready to tackle. Living healthily is nothing less than arriving at old age and, in Erikson's words, "accepting one's one and only life cycle as that something that had to be and that, by necessity, permitted of no substitution."

To live healthily, therefore, is to become what one truly is and to work at it. To become in fact, as Ortega said, what you are in design. This may be a routine or rare accomplishment, depending on how you view it. For myself, now wandering around in my middle years seeking answers, it is like waiting for what happened to Saul on the way to Damascus.

The young, however, may get the same revelation through sport. That is one area of human activity in which they can taste of perfection. And even should they fail in that, there is no better way to self-knowledge.

"To change the fundamental patterns of constitution and temperament is beyond our powers," wrote Aldous Huxley. "With all the best will in the world all that anyone can hope to do is to

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make the best of his congenital psychophysical makeup" (the particular personality associated with a given body build).

The athlete already knows that. So he makes the best of it. He seeks fitness through positive goals rather than negative restrictions. The athlete doesn't stop smoking and start training. He starts training and finds he has stopped smoking. The athlete doesn't go on a diet and start training. He starts training and finds he is eating the right things at the right time. In just such a way other things fall into place. His sleep habits adjust. He automatically rests after eating and practices on an empty stomach. He warms up thoroughly and is satisfied with progress, however slow.

He has discovered fitness and the fine line between peak performance and disaster. He becomes alert to his body signals. Palpitation, a sore throat, lightheadedness on arising, some minor joint pains or awakening in the middle of the night—all these have meaning and alert him as a breaking twig would alert a deer in the forest. They tell him he has gone as far as he can go.

Where fitness ends, self-discovery starts. The athlete who is in complete command of the skills of his sport comes to understand the person he is through his attachment to his particular sport and his response to the stresses and strains that arise within it. He finds out what he is made of, what his true personality is.

Charles Morris in his *Varieties of Human Values* suggests there are three basic components to the human personality: 1 Dionysian (the tendency to release and indulge existing desires); 2 Promethean (the tendency to manipulate and remake the world); 3 Buddhistic (the tendency in the self to regulate itself by holding in check its desires). In psychological shorthand these components come out as dependence, dominance and detachment.

It shouldn't take all that long for a physically fit 17-year-old to find his or her sport and the appropriate life-style to go with it. Detached, dominant or dependent; Buddhistic, Promethean or Dionysian. It might even work for us aging worriers who are not at all sure that we are living, as Erikson said we must, our appropriate and only possible life cycle.

Keats saw the world as a "Vale of Soulmaking," but said we humans are not souls until we acquire identities; till each is personally himself.

The only man who truly lives, Ortega stated, is the one who follows his inner voice which says, "You are able to be whatever you want; but only if you choose this or that specific pattern will you be what you have to be."

The question, then, is not the presence of this necessity nor even its acceptance. We will certainly do that when faced with such a truth. The question is how to discover it, how to hear this voice, how to find our pattern, how to know the identity of our soul.

Our problem then is not the possibility of this necessity but the probability that we may never know it. That we may finish our lives without actually having lived them. That we may come to the end never having experienced life; never having heard the call. Our tragedy may be an unused soul, an unfulfilled design.

Fortunately, Nietzsche had some suggestions on what we should do to avert such a catastrophe. Attend, he said, to the little things. Take care with your nutrition. Watch your diet. Be careful about where you live and the air you breathe. Do not commit a blunder at any price in the choice of your recreation. Develop an instinct for self-defense. Make your life a matter of play.

Know that these small things are inconceivably more important than everything one has taken to be important so far. Great tasks, he concluded, depend upon small things, things which are generally considered to be matters of complete indifference.

Our salvation, then, is in the day-to-day living of what is surely the athletic life, the life committed to fitness, the life of one who knows the importance of attention to the little things, to the supposedly minor details of everyday living. The athlete knows the response to training and diet and relaxation, the effects of tension and other people, of energy wasted on situations and relationships which make him merely a reactor. And the athlete knows more than most how one can find himself in play, and can accept himself for who he was, is and will be.

"Our bodies are us, us," writes John Updike in discussing immortality, and then goes on to suggest that the only Paradise we can imagine is this Earth; the only life we desire is this one.

Fitness then is an imperative. How it is to be done is an individual matter, a matter, I might say, of necessity. But whether it is jogging or scuba diving, tennis or mountain climbing, its performance will involve attention to the details Nietzsche outlines. And in following this prescription we will begin to uncover the person inside, to burnish and polish and shape away and let ourselves take shape.

Physiologists have suggested that only those who can pass the most rigorous physical examination can safely follow the sedentary life. Man was not made to remain at rest. Inactivity is completely unnatural to the body. What follows is a breakdown of the equilibrium. When the beneficial effects of activity on the heart and circulation and indeed on all the body's systems are absent, everything measurable begins to go awry.

Up go the girth of the waist and the body weight. Up go the blood pressure and heart rate. Up go the cholesterol and triglycerides. Up goes everything you would like to go down, and down goes everything you would like to go up. Down go the vital capacity and oxygen consumption. Down go flexibility and efficiency, stamina and strength. Fitness fast becomes a memory.

And if the body goes, can the mind be far behind? The intellect must surely harden as fast as the arteries. Creativity depends on action. Trust no thought arrived at sitting down.

The seated spectator is not a thinker; he is a knower. Unlike the athlete who is still seeking his experience, who leaves himself open to truth, the spectator has closed the ring. His thinking has become a rigid knowing. He has enclosed himself in bias and partisanship and prejudice. He imagines himself self-sufficient and has ceased to grow. And it is growth he needs most to handle the emotions thrust upon him, emotions he can not act out in any satisfactory way. Because he is, you see, too far from the athlete and participation in the effort that is the athlete's release, the athlete's catharsis.

He is watching people who have everything he wants and cannot get. They are having all the fun. The fun of playing, the fun of winning, even the fun of losing. They are experiencing the exhaustion that is the quickest way to fraternity and equality, the exhaustion that permits you to be not only a good winner but a good loser.

Because he can not experience what the athlete is experiencing, the fan is seldom a good loser. The emphasis on winning is therefore much more of a problem for the spectator than the athlete. And the fan, in losing and being filled with emotions that have no healthy outlets, is likely to take it out on his neighbor, the nearest inanimate object, the umpire, the stadium or the game itself. It is easier to dry out a drunk, take someone off hard drugs or watch a three-pack-a-day smoker quit cold turkey than live with a fan during a long losing streak.

And should a spectator pass all these physical and mental and emotional tests, he still has another supreme challenge to his integrity. He is part of a crowd, part of a mob. He is one of those the coach in *The Games* called "the nothingmen, those oafs in the stands filling their bellies." And when someone is in a crowd, out go his individual standards of conduct and morality. He acts in concert with his fellow spectators and descends two rungs on the evolutionary ladder. He slips backward down the development tree.

From the moment you become a spectator, everything is downhill. It is a life that ends before the cheering and shouting die.

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Becoming

I propose to you that human enterprises succeed because they are absolutely rational or because they are just as absolutely absurd. Science is a success, but then so is religion. Knowledge succeeds, but so does faith. We usualy act when something can be proven. But we act with equal frequency when it cannot. "Credo quia absurdum," said St. Paul.

Just so are there two types of successful fitness programs. One is rational, practical, physiological; the other nonrational, mystical and psychological. One is obligatory; the other voluntary. One aimed at changing the person to fit the life-style; the other aimed at changing the life-style to fit the person. One is utilitarian; the other creative. One is work; the other play.

The first is successful because it is concerned with the result, the other because it is concerned with the process.

In one instance, the exercising person is satisfied with Dr. Kenneth Cooper's minimal daily requirements; in the other, he is dissatisfied with his own maximum daily capabilities. In the first, there is a purpose, the product, which is fitness, but little or no meaning in how it is attained. In the second, there is meaning in every movement, but no purpose beyond the action itself. Fitness is merely a by-product. The first pursues ambition; the second pursues a dream.

The first program is for unfit, out-of-shape people with their backs to the wall. They know what they want to do, but are no longer able to do or enjoy it. They have finally and irrevocably had enough of how they feel and look and live. They are now ready to repent of past physical sins and to obey the Ten Commandments of fitness. They are anxious to follow the path of rectitude, provided vigor and energy lie at the other end.

You would think that such sensible decisions come easily. Nothing could be further from the truth. People just do not do things because they are good for them, and are even less inclined to do so when they enjoy doing the opposite. People accept the rational, practical and physiological only when it dawns on them that life any other way is a waste. Only then will they agree to a program which to them is a mindless, inconvenient and boring use of their time.

The other program is for unhappy people who find that it is life that is mindless, inconvenient and boring. Common sense programs are of no help here. Only something that is non-rational, mystical and psychological can benefit them. Only something that is spontaneous and creative and playful will be effective. These people are looking for no less than an alternate way of living, for a leisure-time activity to involve them completely and give them a new life-style. They are

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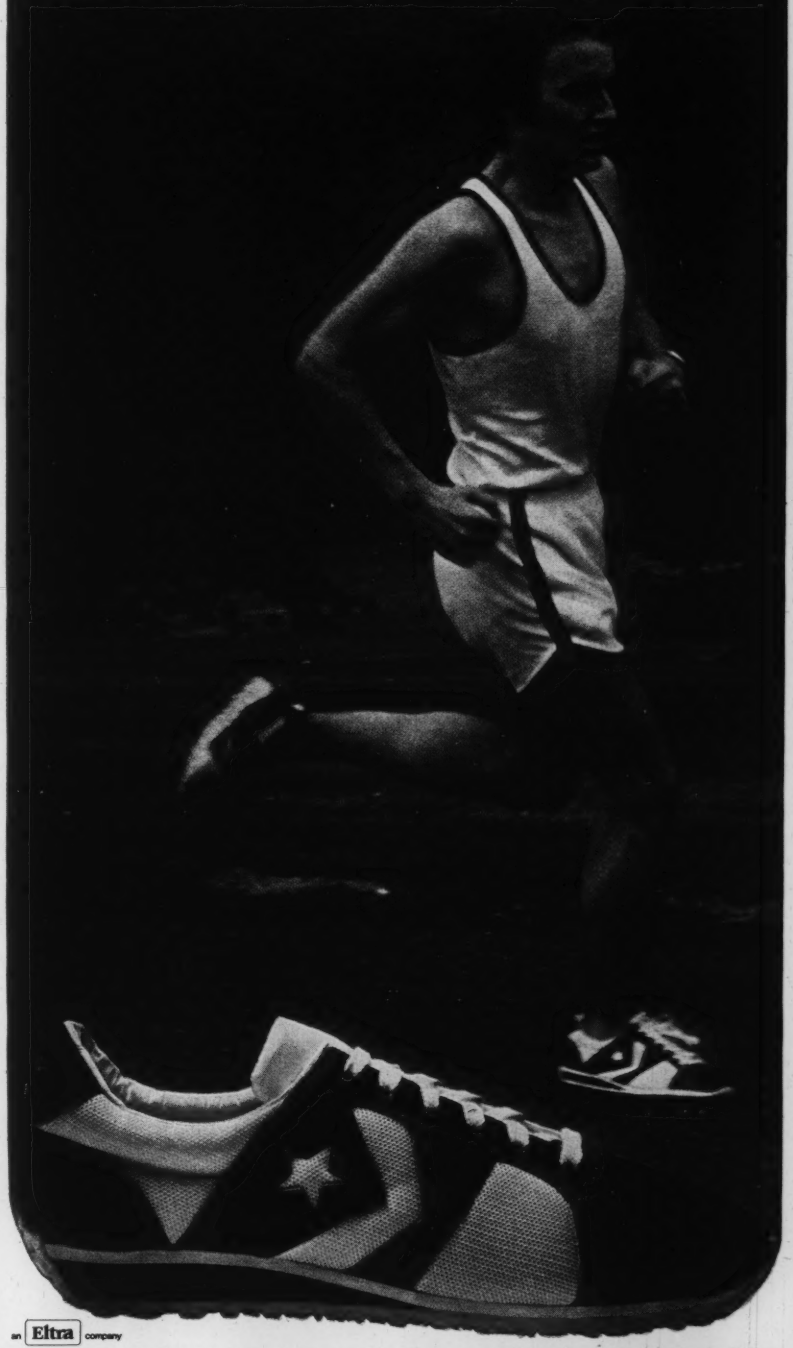

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"Sit as little as possible," wrote Nietzsche. "Give no credence to any thought that was not born outdoors...."

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looking to become true believers, to be struck like Saul on the road to Damascus with a new passion to replace the old one.

That passion of profession or career has changed, as Jung predicted, first to becoming a duty and now to being a burden. Life has become, as James Michener suggested, a falling away, a gradual surrender of the dream. What is left? "To live one's days," writes Bill Bradley, "never able to recapture the feeling of those few years of intensified youth."

Such pessimism is unwarranted. This 57-year-old man who has rediscovered play and sports can attest to that. It was simply enough for me to ask the question: "You have one life to live. How do you want to live it?" and then come up with an absurd answer: "As a distance runner." With that decision, I awakened that passion, relived my dream, recaptured my youth. I re-entered my life through re-entering my body.

And so my fitness program succeeded because it was absurd. It was nonsense for someone my age to decide to become an athlete. Purely preposterous to concentrate the intensity and involvement that I once felt for the life of a physician into the life of the distance runner. Ridiculous to make running my vocation and medicine my avocation. But then my fitness program was never a fitness program. It was a campaign, a revolution, a conversion. I was determined to find myself. And in the process, I found my body and the soul that went with it.

For me, medicine was an illusion that had failed. I was seeking a new world, where I could live and create my own drama, and not play with the meaning of life. I found it in running.

So when you see a jogger out on the roads, you can never be quite sure what is going on in his or her head. Whether the reason for running is reasoned and practical and altogether a matter of just getting it done; or, on the other hand, whether his childlike foolishness is the focal center of the runner's day, and running is the answer to the crucial question: How do you want to live the rest of your life?

My design is thin and linear. I am a nervous, shy non-combatant who has no feeling for people. I do not hunger and thirst after justice. I find no happiness in carnival, no joy in community. I am one with the writers on the *New Yorker* whom Brendan Gill described. They touched each other only by accident, were secretive about everything and never introduced anyone properly.

I am an intellectual. This does not mean I am intelligent, but that ideas are more important to me than people. My world lies inside of me, as it does with most people with my slight build. And that world and its completion depends on my physical fitness. In the perfection of my body lies my own perfection.

Fitness is my life; it is indispensible. I have no alternative, no choice, but to act out this inner drive that seems entirely right for me.

A majority of my readers will, I suspect, never feel that necessity, that urgency. The happiness, the joy they are born for, can be attained without it. They belong to one of the other two great races of men. Races with fundamentally different bodies and different temperaments, different life-styles, and different religious expression.

The first of these races are strong, muscular people who are aggressive and insensitive to pain, both in themselves and in others. They find fulfillment in action, and seek to control people and events and things. Once athletic, they no longer need their bodies for their eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations. Where once they settled arguments with their fists, they now use their irresistible energy and moral courage. Physical fitness is no longer a priority.

The middle third are the round, pleasant people who love to have their arms around each other. They are generous and affable and quite close to being fat. Their bodies are for eating and drinking and company and family gatherings. Kierkegaard, another loner, once described such a man. "The ideal Christian is happily married, looks like a cheerful grocer and is respected by his neighbors." For this race, fitness is irrelevant.

So I won't talk to you about fitness if you promise not to give me the kiss of peace or a membership blank to the Holy Name Society.

I gave a lecture on physical fitness recently at the Carrier Clinic, a psychiatric institution near Princeton. In the discussion that followed, one of the staff asked me: "Will jogging prolong your life?" I looked at him, my colleague in medical orthodoxy, and answered: "Will psychiatry?"

The answer was unpremeditated, a backlash against being required to answer a question I consider both irrelevant and immaterial. What runner cares whether running will prolong his life?

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My fitness program was never a fitness program. It was a campaign, a revolution, a conversion.

Will it? I don't know and I don't particularly care. On the other hand, running certainly does something to my body. But what exactly does it do? A few years back, I decided to find out. I went to a local community college for a fitness test. My maximum oxygen capacity, it turned out, was 54 volumes percent, considered excellent for a 28-year-old.

Apparently running has given me an exceptional level of fitness. But what else? Has it prolonged my life? Pure absurdity. My physiology may be that of a 28-year-old, but I still have a 58-year-old body. I have my vigor, both physical and psychic, but the body ages relentlessly. My hairline recedes. My eyesight diminishes. And no one can persuade me that I have, at this date, a 28-year-old heart or blood vessels.

Yet, something good is happening. Checking out as a 28-year-old must mean something. It does. It means that despite my years, I am still an athlete. That running has gotten me to my lean body weight and to my personal cardiopulmonary best. Taken me to my physical peak. Because of my running, I am living at the top of my physical powers.

Now, to some that may mean that life will also be prolonged. Not to me. We are born, I suspect, with a built-in Longevity Quotient, which we can diminish but not increase. We are born, it seems to me, with an appointed time when noise will develop in the signals sent by our messenger RNA. When the song the molecules sing will no longer be heard by the cells. Disease, disintegration and death follow.

We can apparently hasten the process, but not retard it. Medical progress has gone through its finest hour and has had little impact on our life span. It is interesting that the Italian painters of the Renaissance had a life span of 67 years, only a few less than medicine can produce in this nuclear age.

So let us forget about longevity. Get away from the idea of prolonging life. Let us realize the truth of Thurber's dictum: "There is no safety in numbers—or in anything else." Despite exercise, diet and abstention from all the vices, we will die in our appointed time. That should not concern us. It is what happens from now until then that is important.

Now, rephrase that question. "Can running, or any strenuous form of play, improve my life?" This allows an answer, one which is clearly affirmative, if only because running concentrates on positives rather than negatives, emphasizes doing rather than not doing, and above all makes the person responsible for what he is doing.

When I run, I am willing to accept that responsibility. But I also discover that to be responsible implies the ability to respond. To take care of my body, I must be able to listen to it, and to hear what it says.

In this continuing dialogue between me, the runner, and my body, I become more and more healthy-minded. I become eager for more training, more discipline, more self-control, seeking inside of me the person George Leonard called the ultimate athlete. All the while knowing, as Leonard suggests, that I am playing the ultimate game, which is life.

And in life, you remember, it is not how long you lived, but how you played the game.

A daily jogger has written to me in frustration because medical science has failed to come up with conclusive proof that jogging will prevent heart disease. Why jog, he asks, if there is no definite evidence that jogging will thwart a heart attack?

The answer, it seems to me, is that we should do so for more important and urgent and compelling reasons. We jog, play tennis, cycle, swim, hike, hunt, ride horses or whatever because they have to do with the quality of our lives rather than the quantity. "I know only two things," a student said to Rollo May. "One, I will be dead some day; two, I am not dead now. The only question is what I shall do between those points."

Sport and play and exercise are essential to that doing, that being, that becoming. They are concerned with physiology, not disease; with health, not heart attacks; with fitness, not the lessening of hypertension, strokes or other human ills. Sport and play and exercise are therefore vital to the process of maximizing ourselves and reaching the top of our physical powers.

We should not underestimate the importance of this in the full life. Training the body was an essential part of Plato's prescription for education. Education, he said, should train the body and mind as one. Only then can the body, which is the source of energy and initiative, be put in harmony with the mind, which is reason. "The body," wrote Ortega, "is the tutor and the policeman of the spirit." It is the fit body, the body at the height of its powers, the body with range and daring matched with maturity, that is the best teacher, the best disciplinarian.

Jogging, or whatever our sport, is therefore the way we move from actuality toward our potential, toward becoming all we can be. At the same time it will fill us with uneasiness, with what Gabriel Marcle called inquietude, the recognition that there is work to be done to fulfill our lives. And it allows us to see, as Theodore Roszak has recently suggested, that our most solemn, and pressing, and primary problem is not "original sin" but "original splendor," the knowledge of our potential godlikeness. "We grow sick," writes Roszak, "with the guilt of having lived below our authentic level."

Can we reach this level or even attempt to reach it without sport and play and exercise? Can we hope to have the necessary energy and reason, the harmony and imagination without training and disciplining and enjoying our bodies? That is for each of us to decide. For myself, the usual arguments for exercise are pathetic representations when placed beside this holistic approach to the human condition. "My troubles are two," sang the poet Housman. "The brains in my head. The heart in my breast." It is the day-to-day living with these troubles that makes us realize the importance of health and fitness. Not, perhaps, making it easier. In fact it makes living more demanding. The athletic individual can be more conscious of choice, more aware of the dangers of freedom, more awake to what the French call *difficulté d'être.*

Each of us must face this difficulty in being, every conscious moment. And it is for each of us to discover how best we can handle this encounter. It comes down to whether you are an Aristotelian who sees the law outside himself, or a Platonist who would look for it within. Should you wait for proof, or act out what your internal message tells you?

The message I get from consulting myself is clear. First I ran from instinct. Later I was forced to exercise in Phys. Ed. Even later I came to run and exercise because it was prescribed by authorities. But finally I have come to run because it is the right and true and just thing for me to do. In the process I may be helping my arteries and heart and circulation as well, but that is not my concern.

My true aim now is a state of fitness prior to and unrelated to sickness or disease. My true task, to live at my authentic level. My true goal, to reach my original splendor.

Run for my life. You had better believe it.■

"I'm a Survivor."

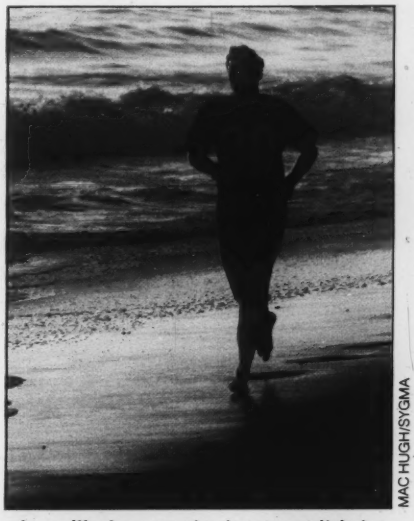
By Sam Merrill

Bruce Dern views the current running boom with a curious combination of intensity and detachment, much like Walter Lippmann used to view politics. He's been running competitively for 31 of his 42 years and feels thoroughly justified in describing himself as "a survivor. I know, as few people running now do, that I'll always run. Most of the best track runners my age take a day off. But I can't. I run every day, with the flu, with stress fractures. After you've survived the sport for a certain period of time, you become its slave."

Friday was a bad day for Bruce Dern to do an interview. He'd just spent four hours going over his income tax, and by the time he returned to his office—a ground floor apartment less than one block from the Beverly Hills High School track—he looked like an orthodontist who had just done Leon Spinks' entire mouth in one sitting. But as soon as the conversation got around to running, revivification followed inexorably.

"Running has become the tennis of the seventies," he began, "and that's not good. The road races have become too crowded. In Beverly Hills this year they had 1,800 people in a six-miler along narrow suburban streets. Anyone who tripped would have been trampled. There are going to be fatalities in these overcrowded races and that's going to cause a tremendous backlash against the sport. A lot of people are waiting for the opportunity to say, 'See, running's no good for you after all.' Also, and I know you're not supposed to say this, there are many people who simply should not run."

The son of Adlai Stevenson's former law partner munched his usual training table fare—a greaseburger, a Bermuda onion and a Pepsi—while explaining his case. "Many of the people currently into running won't be on the roads a few years from now. They're doing it because tennis and golf, which are skill sports, tormented their egos. But if they attack running, which is not a skill sport but a creative sport, the same way, they're going to end up even more tormented than before. Those are the people who will give running a bad name,



MAC HUGH/SYGMA

who will cheapen the boom until it becomes a fad."

But how can Dern, no matter how many years he's been doing it, presume to know the minds of millions of runners he has never met? And isn't it the currently accepted philosophy that everyone can and should run? That running is TM in a jockstrap?

"Bullshit," Dern snaps, barely pausing to retrieve an errant slice of onion and slap it back under his roll. "I know running isn't for everyone because I've never been able to run as a character. While filming *The Great Gatsby* I tried to do a workout as Tom Buchanon and quit after a mile and a half. I just said, 'Screw it. I don't care about this. I'm overweight, out of shape and I'd much rather wrestle down some guy at the yacht club than be out here running in the woods.' That's how I know a lot of people aren't cut out for running: I've been a lot of people."

A look around Dern's Beverly Hills office—he and his wife, Andrea, live in Malibu—indicates just how serious running is to him: the place is decorated with his own movie posters; not one scrap of running memorabilia can be found. Most runners, too modest—or at least self-conscious—about career accomplishments to overtly flaunt the totems of their success, instead plaster den and office walls with things like Boston numbers (commemorating a 1,283rd-place finish) and peeling plastic cups earned as the ninth junior in the 1969 Utica, New York, turkey trot. But Dern displays the mementos of an extravagantly praised acting career while maintaining a low profile on running credits that stretch from the 880 to a 72-mile race (at altitude) around Lake Tahoe, indicating that for him the ego-priorities just might be operating in reverse. If Bruce Dern had to be only one thing in life, what would it be? An actor or a runner?

"Back when nobody was running and I was doing 50-milers, people asked me all the time. I had trouble convincing producers I was a serious actor. They'd say, 'What are you, Dern? An actor or a runner?' In fact, I'm both. I know that. I'm a survivor in both fields."

Dern's finest film roles have been as darkly neurotic, hopelessly tangled men whose abilities and sensitivities remain visible beneath a web of confusion and self-doubt. If Cary Grant is the Bill Rodgers of acting, Bruce Dern is the Emil Zatopek. When asked if any of his running experiences reflect that level of intensity, Dern at first demurred, then told the following cautionary tale in a voice so cold and flat the entire room seemed to grow strangely airless.

"I was racing a 60-miler on a hot, sunny day. I had passed through every conceivable wall and was into that part where your body is gone and only your mind remains. I felt bad but calm. I was aware of being vertical and on the course, and those were my main considerations. But then Andrea pulled up next to me and said, 'It's time to stop.' I said, 'No, I'm all right.' She said, 'Bruce, get in the car. It's over.' I said, 'I know I'm not moving very fast, but I'm making progress. I'm getting there.' And she said, 'You're not moving.' So I looked down and saw I was running in place. Then she said, 'Wipe your forehead.' I did and my hand was covered with blood. I had been standing still, sweating blood, and didn't even know it."

One gets the clear impression that for Bruce Dern, more than for almost any of us, life and art intersect at what a philosopher of human geometry might call a "mutually intensifying angle." A visitor leaves his company at once envious and unsettled. ■

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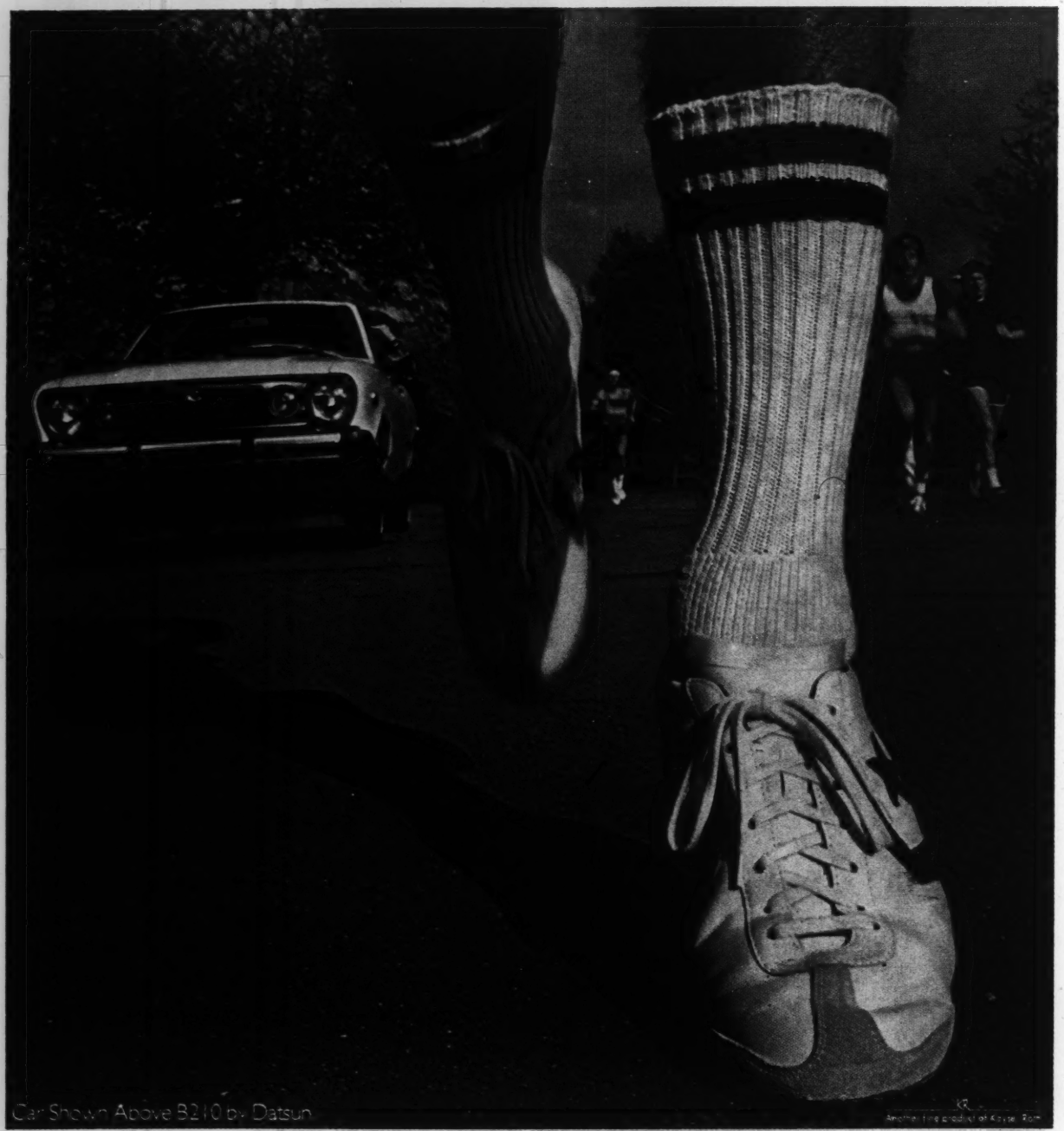

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Little Murders
Continued from page 34

Syndrome baby with an atresia. . . . Prognosis is at best an educated guess; how can I deprive a child of life when I'm not sure what his outcome is? . . . Sometimes we operate on Down's Syndrome babies and sometimes we don't. . . ."

The fact is, as well-intentioned as physicians may be, they are subject to the same biases, insecurities, guilts and fears as the rest of us. "The modern medical approach to this," says Albert R. Jonsen, professor of bioethics at the University of California at San Francisco, "is to make the young physicians aware of their biases so that even if they can't shake them off, they know where they come from. They know, for example, that when they are talking about a particular baby what they are reflecting is not merely some empirical medical reality but rather the whole situation, both their past experience with babies of this sort and their distaste for the severely damaged baby. . . . We are trying to make them aware of the social conditions [of decision-making]. Their recognition that they may look very pessimistically at a baby whose mother is 15 years old, without a partner, and a streetwanderer. That's going to have a big effect on their desire to push with treatment."

One solution to the autonomous physician making arbitrary, subjective decisions is, according to some doctors, to involve the parents in the decision-making process. This bucks the tradition of medicine whereby paternalistic doctors passed their "judgments" onto submissive parents. However, it is more in keeping with our new orientation toward consumer supremacy that the people most involved with the baby's emotional and practical future have at least a vote in the decision to withdraw care. But parental decision-making is not without its problems, too.

Parents go through a very specific grief pattern when confronted with a defective child; they move from shock to denial to sadness and anger to restored equilibrium. Their decision about treatment for the child may vary depending on which stage they are in. And, too, some physicians question the fairness of making parents, already feeling guilt at having produced a defective child, carry the additional burden of pronouncing a death sentence on it.

At Yale–New Haven Hospital, Dr. Raymond Duff, professor of pediatrics, has spent several years analyzing the involvement of parents in determining their baby's fate. "We emphasize the role of the parents and generally support their preference, but we never give them full responsibility. . . . You can't unload your own involvement and responsibility onto the parents and feel that it is fair. . . . The amount of responsibility that they can take is quite varied. Sometimes parents take practically all of it; sometimes professionals take practically all of it. . . . Our emphasis on the parents taking more of it is based on the observation that when they do . . . they seem to adjust more readily to the grief they have faced; they are strengthened rather than weakened by it."

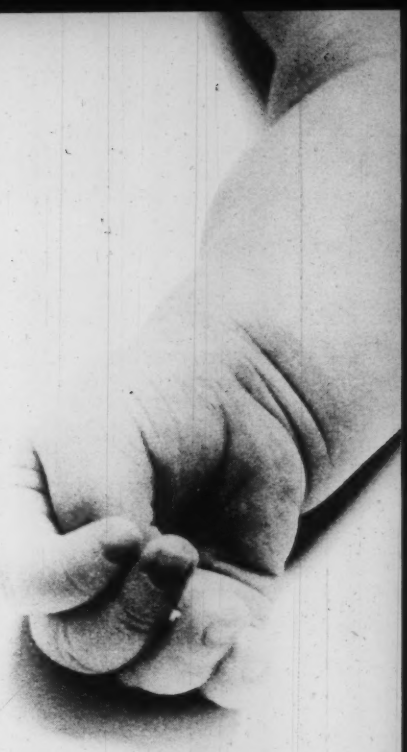
Involving parents in decision-making means fully explaining their child's problem and prognosis. The concept is called informed consent, and it may be more fancy than fact. "I can persuade 99 percent of parents to my way of thinking if I really work at it, even if I am 100 percent wrong," said Dr. Mildred Stahlman, chairperson of the Ross Conference. "If I tell them in such a way that I appear concerned and that I am knowledgeable and that I have their interest at heart and the interest of their . . . newborn baby, there is no question in my mind but that they will let me 'cut off that infant's head.' I think informed consent is an absolute farce legalistically, morally, ethically . . . "

In the wake of controversy over the sanctioned death by starvation of the Down's Syndrome baby, Johns Hopkins Hospital established a committee to work with physicians and parents facing similar problems. Such committees are often proposed as a solution to the problem of subjectivity in medicine's ethical decision-making. Employing a variety of specialists—doctors, nurses, social workers, psychologists, clerics, etc.—an ethics committee would, in theory, decide each situation from a humane but socially utilitarian point of view. In fact, there are dangers inherent in such committees.

"Typically, committee members are socially elite persons," says Dr. Duff. "Therefore they are distant from the lives of most people. . . . Remember too that these persons are quite powerful, and they often seek more power. This tends to corrupt. . . . They may seek advantages from their colleagues more than an enlightened policy to guide decision-making."

To Dr. Duff, committees are " . . . very close to the German model in Nazi times. . . . [They] would be one step away from agony. On the surface it would seem to relieve people of the need to face agonizing choices, but the moment you do that, you surrender autonomy and control. Once you surrender them and they become institutionalized . . . it becomes impossible for the citizenry ever to get them back."

Actually, the citizenry has never had rightful control when it comes to terminating treatment for babies. Dr. Stahlman was correct: Informed consent is, at least legally, a farce. "Discussions of who should decide to withhold



Shall we save all infants, no matter how defective? What would we have? A host of living vegetables that no one wants to know about existing à la *Coma* in institutions?

treatment presupposes the question that someone has the right to let the infant die," states Michael Shapiro, professor of law at the University of Southern California. "To permit a baby to die is a form of homicide; it's as simple as that."

The law makes no judgments about the worth or quality of life for any human, including infants. There is legally no difference between denying treatment to a handicapped newborn or a handicapped adult; both are protected equally.

According to John Robertson, professor of law at the University of Wisconsin and an expert on the subject, the law would only accept termination of treatment in two cases: where the baby is terminally ill or would be in incessant pain. "In those cases, the law would accept that death was in the best interests of the infant. . . . But in the cases of infants with severe defects, anomalies or malformations who, if treated, will live for a substantial period of time, [decisions to terminate their treatment] are made not

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for the sake of the infant but for the sake of the family or society. And generally, the law doesn't allow you to cause a person's death to benefit others."

While that is textbook law, it hasn't been actually tested in a courtroom. However, the courts are becoming more active in removing children from the guardianship of parents who refuse to consent to medical treatment. The most famous cases are those involving Jehovah's Witnesses, who refuse on religious grounds to allow their children to receive life-saving blood transfusions. But recently, in Virginia, the court stepped in to order surgery for a Down's Syndrome baby with a duodenal atresia.

Where does this leave the parents? Must they be forced to care for a child they don't want? The consensus is "no." "Just because the parents are under duty to treat doesn't mean they have to retain custody of the child," says Robertson. "If the child has to live, that burden can be shifted to the state. . . . If the parents don't want to have this major responsibility and stress, fine; they don't have to, but they can't withdraw from it by causing the death of the child."

However, shifting the burden onto the state leads the baby right back to an institution—unloved, minimally cared for and costing the taxpayers money they can ill afford.

There is no easy solution to the problem of defective infants. Like some trick maze whose paths are all blind alleys, every seemingly sensitive solution ends abruptly in another untenable situation. Shall we adhere to the sanctity of life principle and save all infants, no matter how defective? But what would we have? A host of living vegetables, existing à la *Coma* in institutions that no one wants to know about?

But what if we make our cutoff minimal brain function: save those infants who can at the least smile when they're happy and cry when they're sad. "Here is your baby, Mrs. Jones," the doctor says. "He'll never walk or talk or really know you're Mommy. But you'll love him and care for him because he's your child." And maybe she will. Maybe she'll devote herself and her husband and her other children to nurturing a lifelong infant.

Or maybe she and her husband will say, "No, we cannot sacrifice our lives for that. We'll put the baby in one of those institutions with others of its kind. It'll be better off that way—or at least, it'll never know the difference."

What should we do about very premature babies? Should we order doctors to make all efforts to save even the smallest? After all, there's no sure way to tell at birth which infants will survive. (Three weeks after the death of Baby Boy Collins, considered too small for life at 1 pound, 11 ounces, his pediatrician successfully treated a 1 pound, 8-ounce infant.) But is it worth the enormous financial and emotional costs to save all babies no matter what their weight, if we know that only a few will be "normal"? And what do we do with the failures?

Perhaps it is best to simply let the parents decide the fate of their child. That seems fair and, for them at least, humane. But can we accept the inevitable—that we'll lose some children because there are parents who refuse anything less than perfection? Recently, for example, a Down's Syndrome baby with a duodenal atresia was born at a private hospital in Southern California. The doctors recommended immediate surgery; the parents refused. "We couldn't keep the baby here without operating on it," said the attending neonatologist, "so we sent it to the large county hospital that we're affiliated with. They tried to convince the parents to consent to surgery, but the parents still wouldn't agree. Instead, they took their baby from the hospital and put it on a plane to Japan. Presumably, there they are much more understanding of letting such children die."

Simply stated, the decision often is: Whose life is more important—the parents' or the child's? Philippa Foot, Oxford Professor of Philosophy at U.C.L.A., told a class on medical ethics: "It is quite surprising how seldom one wishes for death for the sake of the one who is to die. There is an enormous amount of killing off, where it cannot really be said that death is a blessing, but where it is simply a matter of coming to that conclusion because you want to come to it."

A baby girl who developed RDS at a large Northern California hospital was being treated with the full barrage of medical equipment—respirator, catheters, monitors. Despite the constant medical care, the soft spot (the fontanel) on her head suddenly bulged, a sure sign of intracranial hemorrhage. But treatment was continued because it's hard to determine the extent of brain damage; and besides, at such a young age, brain damage can be reversible. Then the catheter in the infant's umbilical cord sent a blood clot down to her leg. The only life-saving treatment was amputation. The doctor and social worker went to the parents to discuss their baby's prognosis. The parents were distraught; the mother was drawn and in shock, unable to deal with her daughter's situation. The father finally said, "I think if you ask me about amputating, I will say yes when the time comes." After much discussion, the medical team decided the parents couldn't live with their baby's future, that the amputation was the final blow. The infant was taken off the respirator. The only further medical instructions were: Do Not Resuscitate. When she stopped breathing, they'd simply let her die.

"It is surprising how seldom one wishes for death for the sake of the one who is to die. There is an enormous amount of killing off, where it cannot really be said that death is a blessing"

Should we turn the problem over to our legislators? Allow Congress to debate and determine when our greater good is served by allowing certain categories of children to die untreated? "The life of an individual has meaning only in the light of that ultimate aim, that is in the light of his meaning to his family and to his national state." So said the director of public health in Nazi Germany.

How can we be most humane, most fair, considering at the same time the greater and the lesser good? Unfortunately, there are no answers, only questions. "Yet we cannot shirk the responsibility that comes to us from having taken the biological fate of man in our own hands," said Dr. Zuelzer. "May we not hope for a new morality that will allow us to use our powers over life and death in ways that are both rational and humane?"

A new morality—or merely a compromise between technology and natural selection? ●

Four Meetings with the Celebrated Writer

In which he composes the great comedy and tragedy of his illustrious career

by Gordon Lish

This account has as two of its four principals the Celebrated Writer and the Distinguished Editor. I fancy myself the second of these.

To be sure, I do not act herein in such fashion as to prove title to the title I just claimed. Indeed, herein I scarcely act in any fashion, for all that I detectably do is listen and now and then offer an encouraging nod or some other gesture of civility and interest. On the other hand, I would be the last one to withhold my belief that listening, like reading, is a grace that very few have the gorgeous genius to do creatively. I, God love me, am one of those.

It reposes, this genius, in coming to a brisk posture of attention for the right parts, which parts may very well be the silences between sentences, just as the enterprise of reading accomplishes greatness when one's reckoning of the lines encompasses the empty spaces between them.

As for the other two principals in this account, you shall have them before you soon enough—if you will only give me a moment or three to prepare you for the deeper character of this tale.

The tale is true—meaning, I am going to tell it to you precisely as it was unfolded to me. Will it make you feel good, this tale? Because I want what I record to make you feel good. What our times will profit from is the heart-warming tale, the yarn that is rich in the healthy humor of men and women doing their best in the face of a bad deal.

We begin.

The Celebrated Writer was at the bar. I of course recognized him instantly. He is a figure millions would recognize, for he is very often shown to millions on television. Or, to put it as accurately as I have promised to put things, he very often shows himself. As for the fellow standing with him at the bar, that man I did not recognize, nor would you. He was a distinctly proper-looking fellow, handsome in the way of American standards, and, to all appearances, substantial, a steward of large matters, of corporations, say—say even of the Republic itself.

"I'd like to introduce myself," I said to the Celebrated Writer, and then I did it, giving thereafter my title in the literary world.

"Oh?" he said, offering a hand to mine in exactly the manner millions have seen him do on television, combining this greeting with a little foot-tapping curtsy that he does here in real life just as there on that screen.

"I know you," said the Solid Fellow. "I know him," the Solid Fellow said to the Celebrated Writer, "or, anyhow, *of* him. Don't you know, *he's* the guy that discovered so-and-so, the guy that published a couple of her stories."

"Oh?" the Celebrated Writer said, either unimpressed by these credentials or appalled at my boldness, I could not tell, but, in any case, still more hospitable to his vodka than to anyone standing where I was.

"Oh, come on," the Solid Fellow said, "you remember *her*. Those strange stories, all so terribly grim, and that name of hers which insists just the opposite?"

The Celebrated Writer turned on me and again took my hand and curtsied.

"Honey," he said, "I am very pleased to meet you."

Gordon Lish conducts a fiction-writing workshop at Yale and will presently bring out an assortment of pieces under the title Secrets High and Low.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DIANA BRYAN

That was our first meeting, and I have recorded it almost entirely as it happened, compressing the exchanges somewhat and substituting a blank space for the identity of so-and-so inasmuch as she has nothing to do with the events I describe save the little connection that you witnessed.

Our second meeting came to pass about two months later, this at a restaurant the Celebrated Writer has made famous, but not without the collaboration of a handful of Celebrated People. It is of course a restaurant that puts Frenchy food on your plate and inflates an atmosphere hostile to that food's digestion. But I imagine, in fact, that this restaurant thrives on the code of manners in which there resides the article that it is graceless to eat in the first place. At least not where others might observe one doing it. Quite the contrary, however, goes for gossip, for gossip of every rank flourishes in this particular eatery, the fruit of which is daily clipped and harvested for the pages of *Women's Wear Daily* and the billboards of lower degree. It is my guess that this gossip for the most part is inspired by whomever is lunching or dining across the way, and, in fact, I once was clever enough to qualify this restaurant as the place "where the *plat du jour* is always seated somewhere in sight."

But this was not the case when I lunched with the Celebrated Writer, for he fell to talking about the Solid Fellow who had been his companion when we first met and who was, to speed matters along, rather a deal more than a drinking companion at the stage now disclosed two months thereafter.

"I simply do not know what to *do*," said the Celebrated Writer, as I listened studiously, all sympathy expressed in the two creases I forced to form between my eyebrows. "After all, the man is married. I mean, he has a *wife*, for God's sake—and *three* children, and they're absolutely lovely children, absolutely marvelous children—and the man, well, honey, he's over *fifty* if he's a *day*—and, really, it's so fatiguing at my age to be *pursued* this way, and then *how* can one resist? Of course I tried. I mean, I tried resisting. And the man has these really *adorable* children, and they're just going to be *ruined*, is all, their father, you know, *doing* this. I mean, after all these years of having a wife and three children and being, oh, a regular pillar of the community and all that. Well, oh, *golly*," said the Celebrated Writer, fetchingly rubbing at his eye and then dropping his tinted glasses back in place, "it's too late now, and I feel just awful for everybody *involved*, but what could I really *do*?"

I thought it altogether consistent with the opportunity for reply to remark at this point on the Celebrated Writer's notably appealing sweater, which he seemed to be wearing very proudly under the coat of the nice grey suit he wore.

"You had on one just like it when I first met you," I said. "Only a different color. I like it a lot," I said.

"Oh, *this*," said the Celebrated Writer, plucking at the pastel as if disgusted by the insupportable tedium of having to put on clothes. "This is simply not *me* any more," he said, using the same two fingers to take up the stem of the glass of chilled Polish vodka the waiter knew to place before him. "I saw it on a Greek fisherboy when I was in Greece a little while ago. It's what Greek fisherboys wear and it costs next to nothing, you know. So I bought seventy-five of them and had them dyed different shades. Do you really like it? Oh, you *don't*," the Celebrated Writer said, sipping.

Our third meeting came about quite by accident, but not really. Inasmuch as I am an editor, distinguished or no, and the Celebrated Writer *is* a writer, it was incontestably in my interest to contrive conditions whereby I might accidentally meet the man, but nevertheless conditions that should not suggest I too was pursuing the Celebrated Writer, for whatever purpose he might want to imagine.

And so it came to pass that I uncovered a second restaurant where the Celebrated Writer was known to put in a fairly regular appearance, his Manhattan apartment being more or less in the neighborhood. What was further in my favor, in respect of this second restaurant, was the happy conjunction of its few virtues: proximity to *my* Manhattan apartment, a meal ticket an eighth of the monstrous tribute the Frenchy outfit declared its due, and they let kids in.

Mine was then about four. He came, just like his father, who could not himself have done so well at four, very smartly to attention when his father whispered to his mother, "There's the Celebrated Writer—and I think he sees us."

He had. And, after a bit, he rose and sort of Charlestoned between the intervening tables, tapping diners' shoulders as he came and the toe of one shoe behind the other in that curtsy again when he had at last made his way to where we sat. And he sat right down and started in.

"Baby," he said to me, clearly alarming the near-baby at the table, "you'll never *guess* what I've done."

I think my wife must have been charmed by the man instantly, just as I have always been. We get a lot of pleasure out of breathless people, my wife and I, believing, as we believe, that energy has more than a trifle to do with the good movie the motion of man can sometimes be.

"You know how *awful* I've felt about what happened, his absolutely *abandoning* his wife and kids and all, and, I mean, even almost getting himself fired out of his company, where he is a *very important person*, you know. Well, the whole family was absolutely *destroyed*, and, anyway, his wife came to me and she *pleaded*. She's really a very darling person, believe me. And, anyway, I simply love her and we became friends, I mean, *terribly* good friends—because isn't it a fact that we share him and all, although, of course, she doesn't *really* any more, but, anyhow, we have this mutual *concern*—and I mean the kids too, actually, because I absolutely adore them, every one. Well, baby, *listen* to this—you know, we talked and we talked and she told me, of course, how his going off with me absolutely wrecked her life, I mean, really *devastated* her, her self-esteem and all, I mean, her self-respect is absolutely *nada* what with his *rejecting* her this way even if it is for *me*, you know. So we talked and we talked, and I was, you know, trying to be helpful and supportive and *understanding* and all, and so it just followed from *that* that I said she should, you know, get out and get herself a job even though she has all sorts of do-re-mi, just *scads* of it, because work is what gives a person self-respect, being *useful* and all, and she, of course, said what in the world could she *do*, because, for God's sake, the poor dear had never done a day's labor in all her sorry life, and I said now just get a grip on yourself and *think*, everybody can *do* something, and she said, oh my God, that she could *type*. Oh, God! You know how crazy this is? *Type*? Now who in the world that very minute needed a typist more than yours truly? I mean, I really needed one, and a *secretary* and all. And so—but you just *know* what this is leading to—*I* said type for *me*, baby, and that's *just* what the poor dear is doing right *now*. I mean, while we're all *sitting* here, his wife is there in my apartment and for all I know maybe *he's* already home now too, and she's going at it like the good soldier she is, just typing her little heart out for *me*, and if he's not home yet he will certainly *be* home before she quits for the day because, *you* know, I don't give her what you'd exactly call *banker's* hours, and this *is* her *first day*. Isn't it *delicious*?" the Celebrated Writer said, laughing a laugh that only

the most parsimonious spirit would begrudge him.

I think we must have smiled, my wife and I, and not without an earnest regard for the Celebrated Writer's willing connivance in the blunt ironies that burdened his fiction but lightened his life. He just kept on rubbing his eye and laughing the laugh of the wonderfully amused, and when my son understood the expectation here, he laughed too.

Where are we? We're getting to the curtain, is where we are, and the finish comes on a night five or so weeks later, and the set is unchanged from the last scene to this one, except that the Celebrated Writer makes a great clatter when he enters, and the waiters and the owner all rush to see what is the matter, for they all doubtlessly love the Celebrated Writer no less than do we, the boy and woman who are sitting with me as the Celebrated Writer comes skipping our way. Oh, he is in a *state*, and he does not mind one teeny weeny bit if everyone notices, because why shouldn't everyone notice how it is to be a Celebrated Writer and nearly cash it all in on the goddamn Queensborough *Bridge* just because some dumb-bunny scoots up alongside him and frightens the absolute *jeepers* out of him and all, so that being so nervous and so on what with the really incredible *pressure* and all of having to hang his soul on the washline just to keep up appearances as a Celebrated Writer, as, for pity's sake, *the* Celebrated Writer, who just happened to need a few days of very precious *surcease* from all this everything at his *really superlative* place out on Long Island, where we really must *bring* our little boy and let him play, the city being absolutely *devastating* this time of year, the Celebrated Writer positively *leaped* in his seat and really *shouldn't* have been driving in the first place, not anyhow a big big vehicle like *that*, and, Christalmighty, he wasn't of course *killed* but he did sort of *veer* a little too much and then everything simply went out of control and the great big bitch just spun *around*.

"Well, praise God you're okay," I said, "and have yourself a nice big shooter of bourbon, and just don't think about it."

But the waiter was already coming with his vodka—a water-glass full up to the top.

"Don't *think* about it!" the Celebrated Writer said. "Honey, I'm having nightmares right this minute. And besides, my *license*! There was some talk about taking away my *license*, or maybe it was because it isn't *valid* any more or something—I don't know. And the expense—I mean, the damn thing had to be *towed*—because I was absolutely *trembling* all over and the police could *see* I just wouldn't go near that thing not ever again in my *life*—and do you have any idea what it must *cost* to have that great big thing *towed*? Off a *bridge*? But, oh, they were all really very nice, and of course they recognized me *instantly*, and they asked me what Johnny is *really* like and told me how much they all *loved* my books and how they saw the movie a hundred million *times* and how did I ever have the nerve to go after such a brutal story as that one was and where in the *world* did I *ever* get my balls from to trade repartee with *Johnny* like that, and they drove me all the way home and here I *am*."

"And a good thing, too," my wife said, because somebody had to say something. As for my boy, he was well into smiling already. He's got a pretty fair memory, and wasn't this the man that had made him laugh? You could see he was waiting for the funny part, and here, right on time, it came.

"Oh, my, that's good," the Celebrated Writer said, returning the half-empty water-glass of vodka to the tablecloth and getting good and comfy in his seat. And then he laughed. It started with the most wholesome chortle I have ever heard, a genuinely meaty thing that kept on coming in a crescendo that was something to conjure with, a great walloping business that was nothing less than princely in its magnitude and shapeliness. It was the laughter, surely, of the gods.

"What is it?" I said, mainly to cut my boy off from the imitation I figured was on the way.

"What *is* it!" the Celebrated Writer said, getting set to go out of control again. "What it *is* is something you could never *guess*." He got rid of the rest of that water-glass, and what I think I had guessed and what you are not one inch behind me on began coming out of him something like this:

"It was *wretched*, really awful—the bickering and the squabbles and the nasty nasty fights, right there where I'm *supposed* to be doing my *work*, their dragging their messy bitterness and all, all that petty domestic *wrangling*, right out there onto *my* carpet. Well, it was just *awful*—I simply hated it—and I simply could *not* do my *work*. But I kept my lips absolutely *sealed*. I uttered, I swear, not one word—but it was plain they were absolutely going to *murder* each other if someone didn't put a stop to it *post haste*. It destroyed me to see them so unhappy and to see what was in every sense of the word a really *marvelous* arrangement going the way of *all* marvelous arrangements, she such a positively terrific typist and him, well, you know. But they came to their senses soon enough, I can tell you, because I am sure they could see how they were absolutely *interfering* with my work, and so, you know, we had a talk, just the three of us, their idea they said, and, my Christ, I was positively *delighted* they had it, that idea to talk and get things ironed out, don't you know—and we all sat down like three very civilized people, because, after all, we're none of us exactly children any more, and I said I just can't *have* it, this has got to stop, post *haste*, and they of course agreed, and they absolutely *realized* this was killing me and a solution just had to be found, and since I was the only one who had maintained any *sanity* in all of this, I would have to be the one to help us *all* find a reasonable solution, and the only solution was to *choose*, it was him or her and that was that, and even the children, who were being absolutely *devastated* by the sheer hell of this, could see something *had* to be done post haste, because by now the kids were spending an awful lot of time over at *my* place, and all they ever saw was their father and mother going at it tooth and claw, hammer and tong, et cetera et cetera, and this was a very unsettling situation for *all* concerned, and I said I agree, I agree, and that it was a crying shame people could not get along like civilized adults, when this was really the only satisfactory solution in the whole wide *world*, but they would simply not have it, and I would have to *choose*, and I was mortified at how they just would *not* listen to *reason*, but there you have it, for Jesus' sake, the way people *are*."

The Celebrated Writer sat back in his chair and, like the wonderful story teller he is, he divvied an angel's smile among the three of us, so sweet in his narrative excellence and so poised in his dramatic amplitude that he did not commit the amateur's error of excluding my boy. No, the Celebrated Writer just smiled grandly, a wizard who's seen more than enough of men's small-time folly not to get a pretty good kick out of a lulu.

"So? You had to choose," I said, while the Celebrated Writer hoisted the second water-glass the owner herself had supplied.

"They *made* me," he said, and went off into a full orchestra of laughter again that told me more about how to get through life than anything I had ever read, and when he'd had enough of that or shrewdly knew that we had, and with his voice now returned to the narrow sniffing smirk that made millions sneer until he kept coming back and kept coming back and not many were sneering any more, he said, "Well, you know, she's really an *exceptional* typist."

The laughing that followed was stupendous. I think my wife and my son and I might even have joined in. But we must have known whatever sound we would make would be measly alongside the volume of that. ●

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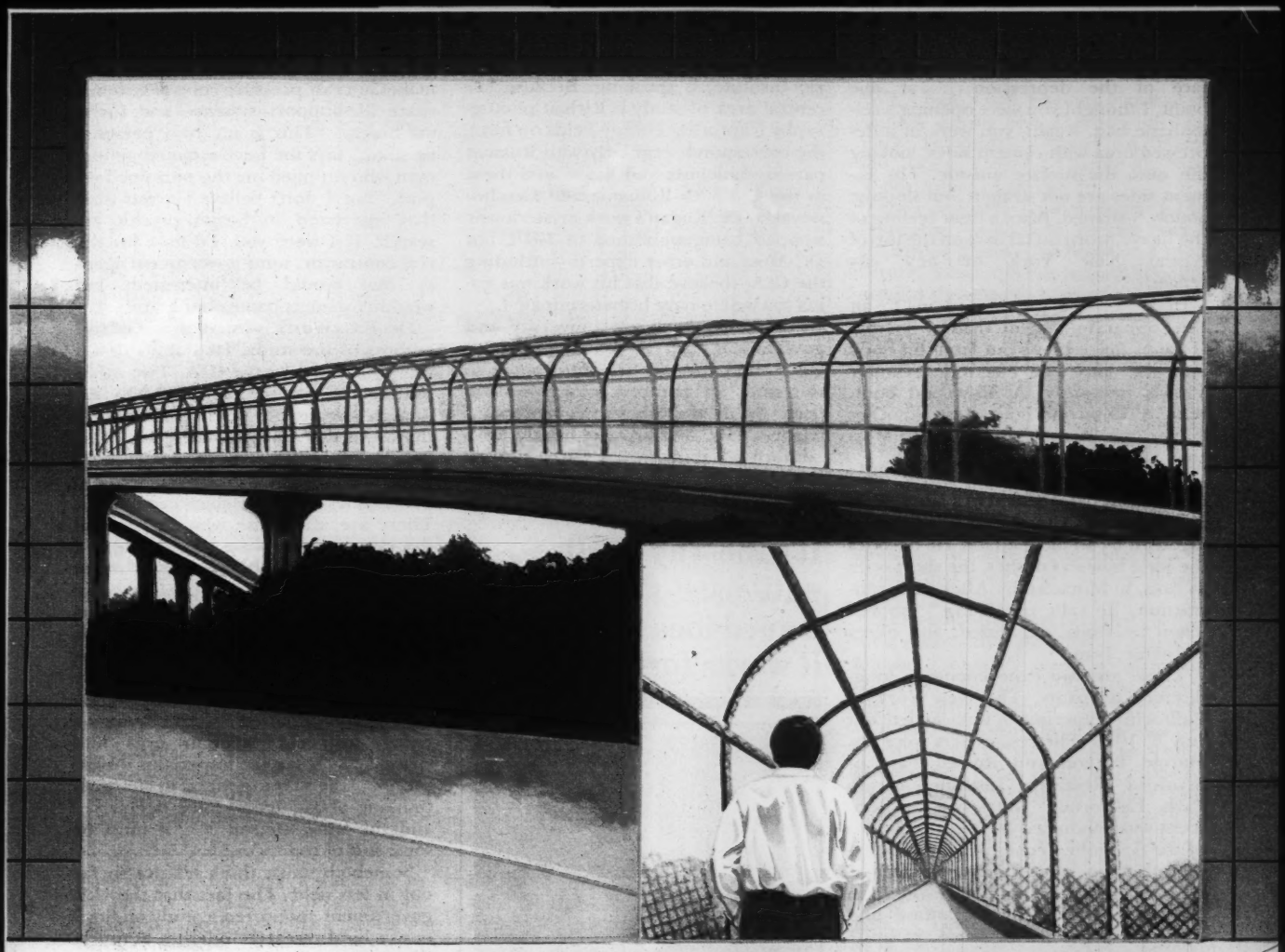
Le Car by Renault

"What I see is a kind of trough up in the air..."



BEYOND ESP

Once the province of card readers and spoon benders, parapsychology now encompasses NASA, the CIA and ESPionage. Never fear, though—the force is with all of us

by Carol Caldwell

Who's to notice one more wanderer around Manhattan's Washington Square this lazy July afternoon? The lanky man strolls and stops, ambles again, licking a drippy Eskimo Pie. He steps into the dried-up fountain. At its center, he licks again and looks up at the naked flagpole, then moves up and out of the concave area. He resumes his stroll around the periphery. He checks his watch: 5:15 eastern standard time.

Synchronized on the coast, 2:15 Pacific time, another man settles into a comfortable chair and begins taping a description into a computer: "The first image I got at about the first minute was of a cement depression—as if a dry fountain with a cement post in the center or inside. There seemed to be pigeons off to the right, flying around the sur-

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT AMICOSANTE

face of the depression . . . at one point, I thought you were opening a cellophane bag. Again, you were in a depressed area with cement sides, looking out onto the surface outside. The cement sides are not straight, but sloping, almost S-shaped. Also, a clear feeling of the heavy, worn metal bars on the top of typical New York or any city fences . . ."

In Moscow, a man wired up to an EEG apparatus begins shadow boxing. He aims fierce blows out from his body into the air. The electrode scanner scrawls nervously. A 45-second bout. Rest. A 15-second bout. Rest. Another longer one. Rest. It's midnight in Moscow.

A second man, similarly wired, doubles over in pain. Seated in a lab chair in Leningrad, it's almost as if he's convulsing, torn by an ulcer attack. He decodes the long bouts as dashes, the short ones as dots, in Morse code. After each contraction, he calls out "long," "short." Then he stops, exhausted, and offers the name, Ivan.

These are two experiments in long-distance telepathy. The New York to California experiment was carried out July 6, 1976. The researchers were Dr. Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ of Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, California. The second experiment was conducted by Dr. I.M. Kogan of the Scientific Technical Society of Radiotechnique and Electrocommunication, Moscow. It was performed in March of 1967. Kogan, Puthoff and Targ are physicists by trade, parapsychologists by desire.

Parapsychology is defined by the word's construction, which means outside psychology; many would argue that "way outside" would be more to the point. The word encompasses the study of such extrasensory perceptions as telepathy (mind to mind communication), clairvoyance (the ability to see remote places or events), precognition (knowledge of the future not obtained through any known sense), and psychokinesis (the ability to move matter with the mind). Because the terminology often is so jumbled—in Russia, for instance, ESP is referred to as "biocommunication"—researchers internationally have agreed to umbrella the different phenomena under the catchword, psi. The study of psi is, in essence, an attempt to explain the unexplained.

"In Dr. Kogan's Moscow to Leningrad experiment, the word chosen for transmission was Ivan—and the word Ivan was decoded. Extraordinary! The Russians had successfully utilized brain waves as carriers of information." Dr. Thelma Moss, medical biologist/parapsychologist at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute, is speaking. Because her central area of study is Kirlian photography (capturing energy fields on film), she corresponds regularly with Russian parapsychologists and has visited them in the U.S.S.R., Romania and Czechoslovakia. Dr. Kogan's work mysteriously stopped being published in 1970, but Dr. Moss and other experts—including the CIA—believe that his work was going too well to have been terminated.

"Certainly there are university and government research centers in the Soviet Union that are strictly devoted to the study of parapsychology. This is true. And yes, they're government funded." Dr. Moss speaks briskly, with authority. "I think we have such centers, too—but let's not talk about them; they're top secret." She wraps her lab coat tighter. "And it's not just limited to the U.S. or the Soviet Union. I think every country is involved in this, because it's a perfectly magnificent way, if it works, to get intelligence information without disturbing anything. It's not a reliable source now, but it could be."

Dr. Moss bristles at the mention of the CIA. "*Every* parapsychologist has been visited by government agencies. I have. They don't have any idea what they're talking about. They just ask a lot of questions."

In March 1977, an intriguing report was very quietly published under the auspices of Garrett Airesearch Manufacturing Company of California. It was entitled "An Investigation of Soviet Psychical Research." Garrett Airesearch makes aircraft pressure control systems, space life-support systems, and turbo machinery. "This is my own personal opinion," says the horn-rimmed gentleman who supplied me the purloined report, "but I don't believe Garrett is all that interested in Soviet psychic research. If I were you, I'd look for the real contractor, some government agency that would be interested, but wouldn't want its name on the study."

Dr. E.C. Wortz is listed as one of five authors of the study. He admits that it was contracted by the CIA. Two other sources confirm the cost: $30,000. Although the report doesn't attempt to pin down the ESP gap, there are those who claim the Russians are 15, even 20 years ahead of us in the research and development of psychic capabilities. There are also those who charge that this claim is just a scare tactic calculated to make the U.S. throw away a lot of time and money. A Soviet parapsychologist who recently defected reports there are over 400 practicing psi researchers in the U.S.S.R. An American expert puts our count at a dozen.

ESPionage. Is it so farfetched to imagine a square-jawed KGB operative fixing his cold Siberian eyes into space . . . "I see the imperialist missile site . . . the major general in charge is thinking about tigers. I see tigers . . . and the word Detroit . . . it must be some sort of code . . ."

Somebody must think it's not so far out in left field. The fact that the U.S. government sponsored a study on Soviet psychical research indicates as much. The foreword to the Garrett/CIA study notes that "Historically, parapsychological research in the United States and the Soviet Union has been markedly different in approach. . . . The Russians don't undertake studies like those of J.B. Rhine in which remote card reading or other simple telepathic tasks are carried out repeatedly to gather statistical evidence. The Russians *assume* the reality of thought transference."

The Dr. J.B. Rhine referred to is America's father of parapsychology, the man who brought its study out of spiritualist parlors and into the lab. For close to fifty years now, Rhine has been compiling statistical evidence at Duke University to prove the existence of the phenomenon he named ESP. Far from embracing his evidence of a sixth sense, the U.S. scientific community has riddled Rhine's career with ridicule.

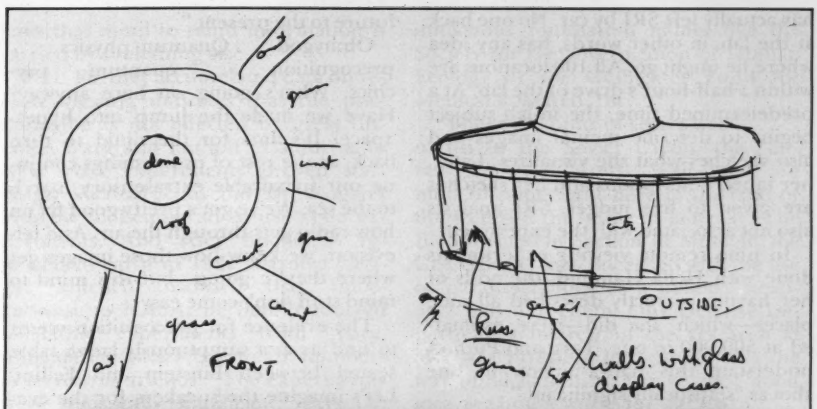
In order to communicate with his peers in terms they understand best, Rhine took to repeating his card-guessing experiments over and over and over—recording in thousands of experiments the statistics against the phenomenon occurring merely by chance. His method is simple. He uses a deck of 25 cards, each imprinted with one of five symbols: a cross, a square, three

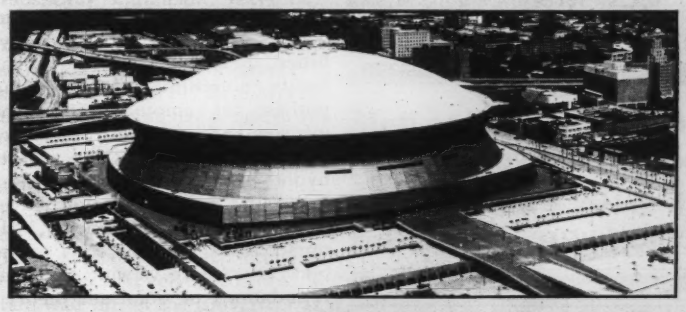
It's the way of all nations: if you've got a good idea, see how it works for war first

HELLA HAMMID

SRI's Targ and Puthoff: Time can go backwards if it darn well wants to

Carol Caldwell is a psychically mobile writer living in Atlanta.





Another experiment in SRI's 1976 long-distance series: The subject in Menlo Park described what seemed like "a flying saucer in the middle of a city" and drew the sketches above. The outbound experimenter was, in fact, standing just outside New Orleans' Louisiana Superdome.

wavy lines, a circle and a star. The experimenter is shielded from the subject; he shuffles the deck and begins flipping cards. The subject is to "guess" or try to call up a picture of the card being turned over. The odds of guessing the cards correctly by chance are 5 to 1. Dr. Rhine keeps getting significantly higher results, again and again and again.

Rhine's studies paved the way for a new generation of parapsychologists, most of them based in consciousness-conscious California. "We don't do card-guessing experiments," says Harold Puthoff of Stanford Research. "We feel that these kinds of experiments have an inherent boredom factor. In order to get good results in psi research, you have to present the subject with an interesting, challenging task. I think this is why our experiments in remote viewing have been so successful."

Puthoff and his partner, Russell Targ, are laser physicists turned parapsychologists. They don't fit the casting call for either discipline, resembling more than anything the Simon and Garfunkel of psi. At 6'4", Targ is crowned by a corona of electrostatic curls. Puthoff works a little closer to the ground field at 5'8", close-cropped and collegiate.

The place where they perform their experiments, Stanford Research, is one of those consortia of brain power that came to be known as think tanks. It's to SRI that governments and corporations hie themselves when they need to know about something (and have the considerable cash it takes to find out). In 1976, the CIA went to SRI for research in an area Bondishly branded Project Scanate. The agency wanted Targ and Puthoff to find out if a psychic could view a remote location, as well as give detailed descriptions of specific installations in such a location.

Results: affirmative on both counts. Working with two psychics, Ingo Swann and Pat Price, the SRI experimenters were able to supply the CIA with descriptions of military bases in both Russia and China. The descriptions were later confirmed by what the agency calls "ground truth checks," in which an operative abroad simply makes his way to the site and radios back a Roger.

Just how detailed is a detailed description? Well, in one Project Scanate experiment, Pat Price gave a reading on a supposedly top-secret American satellite tracking station. He was given no information about the place other than its geographic coordinates. He began by describing the lay of the land, rolling hills, hardwoods. Then he honed in on an underground installation with Army Signal Corps personnel and communication equipment: "Top of desk had papers labeled Flytrap, Minerva. File cabinet on north wall labeled Operation Pool—(second word unreadable). Folders inside cabinet labeled Cueball, 14 Ball, 4 Ball, 8 Ball, Rackup. Name of site vaguely seems like Hayfork or Haystack. Personnel: Colonel R.J. Hamilton, Major General George R. Nash, Major John C. Calhoun."

Eyes widened from Langley to the Pentagon. This could be the start of something grand—the brain wave of the future: psi spys! After years of spooking around the seances, consorting with mediums and mystics, the Defense Department and the intelligence community had struck pay dirt. Imagine never having to leave the comfort of your own headquarters, yet garnering information of the highest priority. "Based on the experience of Puthoff and Targ," concludes the Garrett/CIA study, "it is not too difficult to set up an experiment in this area, and it seems reasonable to assume the Russians have probably done so." It's safe to conclude, in other words, that if we've got it, they've got it too.

American parapsychologists believe most everybody's got it to one degree or another. Though most people claim they've never had an ESP experience, they usually can come up with a sister who "did this funny thing one time," or a mother who "has this weird way of knowing . . ." Men call it a "hunch," which sounds masculine rather than mystical. Women usually have no problem falling back on "female intuition."

"Anybody can do these things," says Russell Targ about his experiments. "Not just the superpsychics. We're finding remote viewing, for example, to be a very democratic ability." Remote viewing is the term Targ and Puthoff use for clairvoyance—the ability to see people or events in faraway places. Their experiments have created quite a

Remote Viewing

Here's a do-it-yourself primer for remote viewing. First, convince yourself you can do it. Second, convince a friend to proceed to a secret location at an appointed time. The sender should remain at the location 15 minutes, simply observing, absorbing his surroundings. At the agreed upon time, you should be relaxed in a quiet, comfortable place. Describe what you see into a tape, or better, to another friend who can take notes and prod you with questions. Don't try to analyze or name the place. Simply describe feelings, colors, shapes. (Some pick up sounds.) Sketch what you see. Stop after 15 minutes. Go to the location as soon after completing your description as possible, for feedback confirmation. When you get good at this, try doing it precognitively. When you get good at that, start trading in commodities.

stir at usually staid Stanford Research. SRI management, in fact, has been less than pleased lately with the spate of CIA spooks, psychics and newspeople nosing around. The problem is, of course, that a breakthrough in endocrinology, or a projection of the value of the yen in the year 2000, doesn't glow the mind like the report that people are getting inside other peoples' heads.

Anthropologist Margaret Mead, former president of the Parapsychological Association, says that Targ and Puthoff's experiments are important because the two men "come out of physics, popularly believed to be the hardest of the hard sciences; they come out of a respected laboratory; and tremendous efforts have been used which far outstrip the normal procedures to guarantee scientific credibility."

Targ and Puthoff have completed over 150 remote viewing experiments in the last seven years. They've worked with superpsychics, those they call "experienced" subjects, as well as with "learners," subjects who haven't had the benefit of previous psychic experience. Hella Hammid was a "learner" when she first started working with Targ and Puthoff. One of her remote viewings is typical of how the basic experiment goes.

At 10:00 a.m., Ms. Hammid and Russell Targ are seated in his office at SRI. They're having a cup of coffee, and he's assuring her that of course she can receive a mental picture of a place some 15 miles away; the person at the spot will simply "broadcast" it from his mind to hers. "Anybody can do it," he says. "You just need to make your mind blank and receptive. Don't try to put a name on the place, don't try to analyze where or what it is. Simply describe the shapes, the forms, the feeling of the place."

But it's not easy to clear one's mind of extraneous thought, to concentrate on nothingness. Ask any meditator. Try it yourself. Wonder if you need to stop at the grocery on your way home? Wonder if you look dumb with your eyes shut trying to mime concentration? Hammid sighs a sigh of consternation that has a bit of "what the hell" about it. "All right," she says finally, "what I see is a kind of trough up in the air." And she speaks of seeing something like a series of squares nestled together. The outbound experimenter, the man mentally beaming back his surroundings, is, in fact, standing at the mouth of a pedestrian overpass in Palo Alto—a metal structure suspended over the freeway.

One hundred such locations have been chosen by SRI personnel who are not associated with the experiments. These locations are put into a random selection mechanism. The outbound experimenter doesn't pick a location from the portable random selector until he has actually left SRI by car. No one back at the lab, in other words, has any idea where he might go. All 100 locations are within a half-hour's drive of the lab. At a predetermined time, the in-lab subject begins to describe mental images and also sketches what she visualizes. Later, her taped descriptions and her sketches are given to five judges, SRI analysts also not associated with the experiment.

In nine remote viewing experiments done with Hella Hammid, the odds of her having correctly described all nine places—which she did—were estimated at 500,000 to one. Targ and Puthoff understate this half-a-million to one shot as "statistically significant."

Four additional remote viewing experiments were carried out with Hella Hammid. These experiments, however, were anything but typical. They pointed Targ and Puthoff to what might be called an even "remoter" area of study. They began with the usual modus operandi. Only this time, on a whim—just toying with time—they decided to have her begin her description a half hour *before* the outbound experimenter would even select his location. "We decided to have the outbound experimenter continuously drive for the first half hour," Puthoff says, "because we seem to find that the remote viewer can't detect motion. We didn't want her to fix on his location."

"If people believe in occultism, you're paving the way for a demagogue"

Eleven a.m. The tape's rolling. Hammid is being asked to describe a man who's farther away from her than mere miles—this man's out there in the future somewhere. She begins speaking of "some kind of congealed tar, or maybe an area of condensed lava. It looks like the whole area is covered with some kind of wrinkled elephant's skin . . ." She talks for 15 minutes. Five minutes later, at 11:20, the outbound experimenter chooses a location from the selector in his car and proceeds to the Palo Alto yacht harbor. He stands on the quay and looks down at the muddy, wrinkled-up bay bottom. It's been a long time since they've had a good rain in northern California.

Just when we're beginning to warm up to the possibility of this crazy remote viewing business, they throw a time warp at us. "Precognition is not so hard to live with," says Targ with a Cheshire grin. "I mean, the laws of modern quantum physics don't absolutely forbid the transmission of information from the future to the present."

Ohmygod. . . Quantum physics . . . precognition . . . quantum psychics. What's going on here anyway? Have we made the jump into hyperspace? It's time for the timid to turn back, as the rest of us lemmings continue our inexorable extrasensory march to the sea. We've got a pretty good fix on how radio gets through the air. And television, we know how those images get where they're going—but this mind to mind stuff don't come easy.

The evidence for precognition seems to find us at a sumptuously laden table seated between Einstein and Fellini. Let's imagine the speakers for the evening are Targ and Puthoff. Taking the text from a paper they recently published, their speech is a feast of past and future quantum canapes. "One hypothesis for remote viewing is that the information is carried by extremely low frequency electromagnetic waves, an hypothesis favored by our colleague Kogan of the U.S.S.R. An alternative viewpoint held by many physicists, including ourselves, is that there's a connection between remote viewing data and the foundations of quantum theory. This Quantum Connection is codified in Bell's Theorem, which emphasizes that spatially separated events are not required to be independent. In fact, physically separated events are permitted to interact with each other in a manner that is contrary to ordinary experience." In layman's terms, time can go backwards if it darn well wants to.

Take. Eat. Do this in remembrance of Easy Al Einstein.

Modern quantum physics puts Isaac Newton pretty much in the hot seat. Newton's cause and effect keeps getting washed out and hung up to dry here in the Atomic Age. In this strange and wonderful netherworld of things that are not as they seem, Newton's causal determinancy has been replaced appropriately by Heisenberg's 1932 Nobel prize winning Principle of Uncertainty.

This principle is the basis of all modern quantum physics, which you may choose to believe or disbelieve, just as you may choose to go with ESP or not. The Principle of Uncertainty quaked physicists' and philosophers' world views the world over. It goes like this: "When we get down to the atomic level, the objective world in space and time no longer exists, and the mathematical symbols of theoretical physics refer merely to possibilities, not to facts."

Fact: Dr. Robert Lucky of Bell Labs, among others, has duplicated Targ and Puthoff's remote viewing experiments and supports their finding that remote viewing can and does occur.

Fact: The experiments still work even when the remote viewer is enclosed in a Faraday cage, which shields out radio waves. This is why the SRI team theo-

rizes that mind to mind information is carried by something else.

Fact: Further accumulated data on remote viewing indicates that the phenomenon is not affected by great distance. Targ and Puthoff's California to New York experiments proved startlingly successful, as did Dr. Kogan's Moscow to Leningrad Morse code experiments. And after Apollo 14 returned to earth in 1971, astronaut Edgar Mitchell disclosed that, unbeknownst to NASA, he had conducted telepathic experiments from space, transmitting back sequences of numbers to terrestrial friends. "The experiments were statistically significant," says Dr. Mitchell, "but I think we ought to play down parapsychology as a thing unto itself. It's only part of the bigger picture."

Something happened to Edgar Mitchell out there. Something happened to all space travelers, according to a NASA study. The astronauts say things like, "You can never be the same again . . ." Mitchell describes being 240,000 miles out and looking back on this blue and white globe, so peaceful, so harmonious against the black and velvety cosmos. "I knew then that life in the universe was not just an accident based on random processes . . ." he says. "I believe psychic research can help expand awareness beyond the limits of objective data and logical reasoning."

Edgar Mitchell also knows, as a part of the smaller picture, that cosmonauts have been trained in telepathy so that they can communicate mentally with the ground in the event of radio failure. In 1973, not to be outdone by the Ruskies, NASA let an $80,000 contract to Targ and Puthoff to develop a machine that could teach astronauts to use ESP; it was one of the largest government grants to psychic research on record. But the machine didn't work out as well as expected, and, subsequently, government funding for psychic research began to dry up, publicly at least. "We haven't done anything in this field for a year or two," says CIA spokesman Dennis Berend. "Our interest in that sort of thing—well, we have to keep an open mind, but no—I'll have to look into what's up for public disclosure on this."

No wonder the CIA is slip-slidin' away. As congressional committees probe deeper into intelligence activities, they keep unearthing lodes of mind-control research. Last August, agency chief Stansfield Turner testified that the CIA had secretly sponsored research at some 80 institutions between 1953 and 1963 alone. This research, parading under the wierdo code name MK-ULTRA, dealt with attempts to control human behavior through such means as hypnosis, drugs and brainwashing. In a number of instances, research groups never knew the true sponsor of their work, what with intelligence arms assuming innocuous foundation names like the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology or the Geshickter Fund for Medical Research, Inc.

"There are hints of secret work . . ." in psi in the Soviet Union, the Garrett/CIA study asserts. Well, there are hints of same right here in the land of the free and the home of fair play. The Bioinformation Section in Moscow, the CIA claims, "was concerned with the use of parapsychology as a military weapon." Bad old Them. Our Defense Department's interest in the research at SRI was probably just clinical. It's the way of all nations: if you've got a good idea, see how it works for war first.

The Navy, for one, has been interested in the possibility that the human

Men call their ESP experiences "hunches," which sounds masculine rather than mystical

SANDY SOLMON

Charles Tart with his Ten-Choice Trainer: We could be NEW! IMPROVED!

mind can control or influence the behavior of machines from afar—influence particularly a delicate piece of equipment known as a magnetometer. Magnetometers are incredibly sensitive electronic compass needles that register magnetic fields. Their sensing capability is comparable to that of the sensors in, say, guided missiles. Enough said.

The Russians are far more involved in the study of psychokinesis—moving objects with the mind—than are we, partly perhaps because American public opinion generally links mind over matter with Mesmer and Houdini, ads in the backs of comic books, and lightning bolts shooting from dilated eyes. The Garrett/CIA study lists several Soviet scientists' work on psychokinesis, citing Dr. Viktor Adamenko's experiments in which various small objects were placed on the upper surface of a cube. The subject was able to mentally induce an electric charge on the cube, after which she could move the objects on its surface. With biofeedback training, other subjects were able to duplicate these feats.

Now, moving lipstick cases, watch hands or compass needles is fun and games. Moving sensing device needles like those in magnetometers, on the other hand, is a potentially deadly pastime. Because if a psychic could, just could, move a magnetometer needle with his mind, he could disarm a warhead or influence homing devices.

In 1972, Targ and Puthoff took psychic Ingo Swann to SRI's Varian Physics Building and asked him to focus his attention on a magnetometer enclosed in a vault under the building. A chart recorder on the ground floor traced the magnetometer's oscillating signal. The recorder showed the machine at rest until Swann began concentrating. Then, to the assembled physicists' astonishment, the oscillation doubled for about 30 seconds. Swann said he couldn't "hold it any longer" and "let go." The machine indicator returned to normal.

Though Targ and Puthoff have done a number of similar experiments, as has Dr. Helmut Schmidt in San Antonio, their psychokinetic studies have been widely criticized in the scientific community. The focus of the criticism was on SRI experiments with psychic showman Uri Geller. Dr. Puthoff says that although their 1971 work with Geller "amounts to about three percent of our total work, it's gotten the most attention."

It was an incredibly chaotic time for Targ and Puthoff. The hyperkinetic Israeli was virtually impossible to control and was given to frequent artistic and egotistic fits. Wherever Geller went, he left behind a wake of bent spoons, broken rings, busted metal and stopped watches, but never under the kind of experimental conditions that satisfied the researchers.

"Targ and Puthoff believe Uri Geller can bend spoons," snorts Martin Gardner, longtime contributor to *Scientific American* and vociferous standard bearer of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal—a loose band of philosophers, scientists, science writers and magicians. "They say they make no experimental claims for Geller, but they're strong believers in him." Gardner says that his group of organized skeptics represents the views of the scientific community—a voice in the wilderness raised against what he calls "pseudoscience." Other members of the committee include such luminaries as B.F. Skinner, Carl Sagan, Isaac Asimov and the Amazing Randi, a magician who's made a career of du-

JULIA TURCHUK

Superpsychic Swann and "learner" Hammid: Out there in the future somewhere

HELLA HAMMID

plicating Uri Geller's feats by sleight of hand.

The Committee for the Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal has run into those problems faced by all committees—differences in thrust, and conflict over who are the chiefs and who the Indians. Philosopher Paul Kurtz, editor of the *Humanist* magazine, is chairman of the committee; unlike Gardner, he believes it should make a distinction between serious ESP research and the plethora of such pseudosubjects as pyramid power, the Bermuda Triangle and UFOs. Does the committee actually investigate paranormal claims as its name implies? "We don't actually have labs to work in," Kurtz says. "We're just trying to keep a dialogue going so that people can know there are scientists who are very skeptical about these things."

Martin Gardner, for one, equates parapsychology with occultism. "If people believe in occultism," he says, "you're paving the way for the rise of a demagogue. Look what happened in Nazi Germany before the rise of Hitler."

Gardner is intrigued, and irked, by what he and others consider a Scientology connection at SRI. "An astounding number of lab assistants there are Scientologists," Gardner notes. "Puthoff himself is a dedicated follower of founder L. Ron Hubbard." According to John Wilhelm, author of *The Search for Superman*, there are 14 "Clears" working at SRI. (In Scientology doctrine, "Clears" are those who have been exorcised of traumatic patterns engrained while in the womb.) Puthoff supposedly has advanced to what's called a Class-III Operational Thetan in Scientology-speak. Two of SRI's star subjects, Pat Price and Ingo Swann, were Scientologists, and some of Targ and Puthoff's early research monies came from a Scientology funding operation. "These facts are not irrelevant," insists Gardner, "because Scientologists passionately believe in psi. Puthoff's work thus strongly supports his and the church's doctrines."

Aha! The old science vs. religion scenario. Dr. Puthoff says, "You know, on the West Coast, everyone's into something or other that has to do with personal growth. I've done Esalen and meditation; I've also gotten some Scientology auditing, although I haven't done anything with it in several years. While all these things are interesting, they're completely irrelevant to our work."

Targ argues that "the committee's view is to save science from us. It's a form of 19th century naive realism. According to them, anyone who feels there's more to what's going on than is readily explainable is an occultist. They're flat earth theorists. They seem to know through their own ESP that there can't be any such thing."

Are there any practicing parapsychologists whom Martin Gardner would rate as reputable? "I think Dr. Rhine is a good one," he says. "Of course, his careful approach is out of fashion these days. And I think Charles Tart is reputable."

Dr. Charles Tart, professor of psychology at the University of California, Davis, speaks from experience of the problems encountered in trying to study psi seriously. His home office in Berkeley is a squirrel's nest of books, treatises and tapes. One might suspect he would need considerable ESP ability to lay his hands on anything, but he hones right in on a document. "Look at this," he thumps the page, "this chemist, Price, said that no intelligent man can read the evidence for ESP and doubt that it exists—*but*, since we *know* that it's *a priori* impossible, we must conclude that all this evidence is due to error and fraud. How's that for a scientific attitude?"

Tart and Martin Gardner recently had an erudite exchange of spleen-venting letters in the *New York Review of Books*. "Gardner took a position I find morally repellent as well as scientifically invalid," Tart's letter ran, "namely that if a critic can think of any way a subject or experimenter *could* have cheated to get apparent ESP results, regardless of whether there's been any evidence of cheating, then the experimental results cannot be taken seriously."

For the past ten years, Tart has experimented with a machine he designed called the Ten Choice Trainer. It consists of a console of ten tiny unlit lamps in a circle. The experimenter, in one room, tries to transmit a number between one and ten telepathically to the subject in another. The subject indicates the number he is "getting" on the machine, and it immediately shows him whether his selection is correct. "Feedback is very important in training ESP," explains Tart, "because the subject has got to separate what it feels like when he's using ESP from when he's guessing."

When Charles Tart gets excited about something, which is often, his eyes begin to blink rapidly. He is blinking now. "We need to make ESP a useful ability. The problem in doing so is cutting through all the noise on the channel." He leans back precariously in his swivel chair to switch on a radio and puts the tuner between channels. "That's white noise. And that's what's going on in our brains all the time. I mean, the inside of our heads is a crazy confusion—think, think, think, yap, yap, yap. It's not like this vivid picture flashes in front of your eyes labeled BROUGHT TO YOU BY ESP ASSOCIATES." He laughs at his own joke. "I like to think of it as listening for a still, small voice in a very noisy environment." He blinks again and leans in. "We're trying to get ESP to work when you want it, not when your mother happens to die."

And if we *can* get it to work when we want it, what then? "Oh my gosh," says Tart, "the applications are enormous, some of them unpleasant. Businessmen will wonder how to steal corporate secrets by ESP, and the military—they'll end up thinking of an early warning sys-

tem of psychics who are tuned into missile launchings. Everybody will rationalize that it's good for national security. Maybe it would be, I don't know.

"But I'm more interested in implications than applications, more interested in what ESP says about the nature of man and his consciousness. This is why psi is so interesting—we're getting first-class experimental evidence that consciousness is not confined to just one particular nervous system." He taps his head. "I'm convinced my consciousness is not limited to up here."

Dr. R.W. Sperry of Cal Tech and Dr. J.E. Bogen of Ross-Loos in L.A. are neurosurgeons who have gone a long way to providing some startlingly concrete ideas about what goes on "up here." Each has surgically split the brains of epileptics, severing the main connections between right and left hemispheres in order to lessen seizures. As a result of post-surgical tests, the doctors theorize that logical thinking and language occur in the left brain, while conceptual, holistic thinking occurs in the right.

Most parapsychologists agree. By attaching electrodes to subjects' heads during ESP transmission and reception, they find that such activity is centered largely in the right brain. Targ and Puthoff think that this may explain why most remote viewers are able to sketch shapes and patterns of things, yet are unable to label them correctly by name. Industrial cultures are prone to be left-brain dominated, logic-oriented, which may contribute to our difficulty in trying to use ESP effectively. Tart says that consciousness-altered states like hypnosis and meditation can facilitate right-brain activity—and ESP.

"I can count the serious parapsychologists in this country on two hands," says Dr. Tart, holding them up. Besides his own work and that of Targ and Puthoff, there's Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler at City College of New York. Her studies have been on the difference in ESP results between believers and skeptics (believers invariably score much higher). As reported in *New Times* (September 2, 1977), Dr. Charles Honorton of Maimonides Medical Center has been working with altered states of consciousness (meditation, hypnosis, drugs) which are conducive to psi. Dr. Elmer Green and his wife have been hard at work on biofeedback research and psychic healing at the Menninger Clinic. Dr. Montague Ullman and Stanley Krippner at Maimonides have been pursuing dream studies, telepathy, and the relationship between psi and psychology. Dr. Evan Harris Walker of the U.S. Army Aberdeen Center studies the relationship between paranormal phenomena and quantum theory.

Abroad, the Bulgarians have been working with psi precepts applied to

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learning. By relaxing students into an alpha state, they've found that the mind absorbs an extraordinary amount of material. The Romanians are working with Kirlian photography as a diagnostic tool in hospitals. In Czechoslovakia, they're teaching people to use precognition to avoid accidents or problems. "If we could get over our collective consciousness in this country that it's taboo to evidence psychic ability," says Russell Targ, "we could put this ability to some rather practical applications in our daily lives. You could avoid an accident on the freeway; you could take another street if you sensed a mugger waiting . . ." Targ says that certain cultures, Iceland and Holland for example, encourage psychic functioning. People in these countries develop their ability from childhood and use it all their lives. The skeptics label this backward and see ESP use as uncivilized, an evolutionary throwback. But the advocates of ESP see it as the guiding light of the future—science fiction become science fact.

Climb inside the time machine. Maybe we can get a reading on the future from George Leonard, consummate philosopher of things in general and commentator on our times to come. His latest book is *The Transformation*, subtitled portentiously *A Guide to the Inevitable Changes in Humankind*. He's friends with Dr. Tart—they sometimes practice the Japanese martial art, Aikido, together—and he speaks on occasion from the same dais as Targ and Puthoff. There's a connectedness here, a kind of northern California shared consciousness.

Leonard has no problem with mind to mind communication. In fact, he thinks it may play a part in the cultural transformation at hand. "I have, if only on rare moments, entered other lives, merged completely," he says. It is permitted, even encouraged, to think cosmically at Leonard's house in Mill Valley, California. Why do we have to be separate from other people, other nations? If I don't insist on my mind being an inviolate entity, separate wholly from any other, maybe a merge now and then, as George calls it, would be healthy.

He talks of his friend Mike Murphy, founder of Esalen Institute. "Mike introduced me to a concept I think is the most important of our times." Leonard speaks with a little of his native south still in his accent. "It's the concept of psychic mobility. We should be able to travel psychically, to move at will from one mode of consciousness to another, selecting the mode most appropriate for the situation."

Extrasensory perception is nothing but a consciousness shift—accepting the idea that you can gain information by other routes than the physical five. It doesn't deny the Big Five, it just provides that extra added ingredient. We could be NEW! IMPROVED!

"We know about the ultimate oneness of matter and energy," Leonard says as we gaze out over the valley towards Mount Tam. "The oneness of energy and information becomes clearer every day." In my mind some very pleasant white noise is going on, the Eagles are stuck on the refrain, "Desperado, why don't you come to your senses . . ."

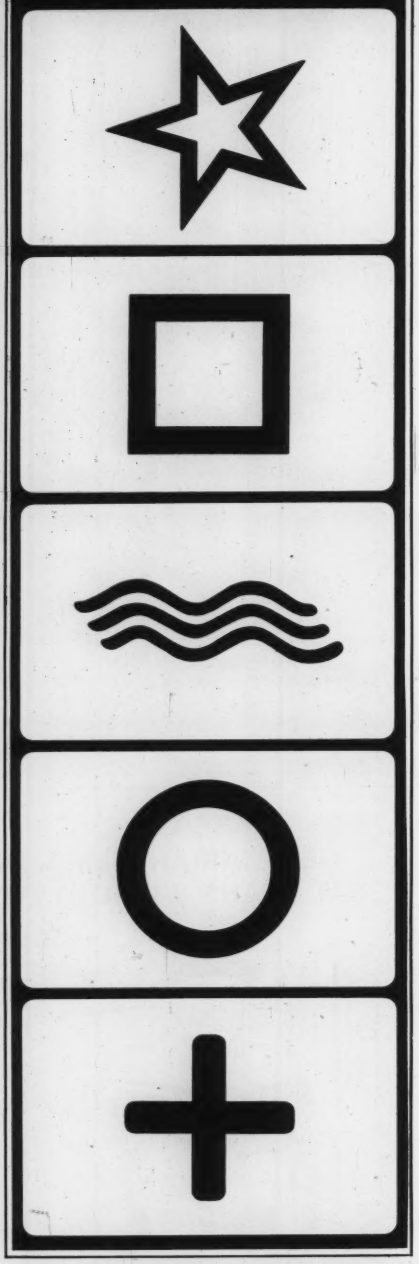
Why not shake off the Industrial Revolution before it's too late. This is one thing scientists agree on—the machinery is running down, running down. What's wrong with a Mental Revolution next? All God's chillun got minds. If these minds can pick up on a way to communicate better, faster, without mechanical aid, is that so scary?

Some of the brightest and best minds of our time came around to some pretty mystical concepts. Freud believed there was telepathic communication between the analyst and his patients. Jung was a strong advocate of non-causal, non-physical factors operating in nature. He conducted psi experiments throughout his lifetime, some in conjunction with the famous atomic physicist, Wolfgang Pauli. The theory of relativity so violently jerked the roots of accepted reality that even Einstein turned mystic. The father of $E=Mc^2$ wrote the preface to a book by Upton Sinclair on telepathy. He even took to interpreting God. "God," he said, "does not play at dice with the universe."

Science and psi. The two concepts are not as far apart as we might think. Modern physics grows evermore occult with subatomic possibilities. Modern psi gets further buttoned down in hard-core laboratory results. There's something that smacks of Galileo's trials in the psi controversy. In the 17th century, the Church demanded that the earth sit at the center of the universe, regardless of what Galileo saw through his infernal telescope. In the 20th century, much of the scientific establishment opposes parapsychology on the grounds that it seems to show that people are more than purely physical beings.

Charles Tart believes that the controversy is essentially a religious one. "It's not exactly the traditional conflict between science and religion," he says. "It's really a conflict between bad science and bad religion." He takes another sip of his brandy Alexander. "If we're more than just our physical brains—that's very important to know. You'd think that science would tend to focus on questions that are really important to people." Across the Bay, San Francisco International welcomes another 747 into its fold of night lights. "Psi research bears on the question of whether or not we have a soul. Maybe I'm crazy, but I think that's a pretty important question." ●

Test Your PSI-Q



Clip the cards shown above. These are the five suits of the standard 25-card ESP deck. Select a partner and shuffle. The sender should concentrate on beaming the symbol selected. The receiver should clear his or her mind and announce or sketch the image received. Shuffle and repeat. Those interested in ability-development should get immediate feedback after each call. Those who show extraordinary ability should contact the CIA.

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PAUL MAZURSKY: A Poet for People Like Us

by Richard Corliss

You may not have met Erica, but you surely know her. Whether you've seen her down at the art gallery where she works part-time, or in a restaurant listening to her girlfriends' stories of their love lives, or in the park jogging with her husband (handsome couple, nice people), she's easy to recognize: smart and pretty, good family and good education, mid-thirties, a member of the last generation of upper-middle-class women who moved, with a kind of predestined grace, from college to marriage to motherhood to a fine facsimile of the Really Good Life. She keeps up with things. She keeps herself in shape. She's one of Manhattan's rarer treasures: a happily married woman. There she is now, across the street . . . she doesn't look well . . . she's throwing up. . . . Wonder what's wrong?

Erica (Jill Clayburgh) is the heroine of Paul Mazursky's splendid new film, *An Unmarried Woman*. She's the latest, and one of the most full-bodied, in Mazursky's gallery of real people: not psychos or supermen, but people you know and like, people like yourself, people you're likely to take home from the theater and argue with, like funny, exasperating, cherished friends. "The best humor usually comes out of the truth," Mazursky said recently. It sounds trite, but if you look at his films, it rings true.

Paul Mazursky is likely to be remembered as *the* filmmaker of the seventies. No screenwriter has probed so deep under the pampered skin of this fascinating, maligned decade; no director has so successfully mined it for home-truth humor and quirky human revelations. In seven films over the past 10 years—*I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* (which he co-wrote); *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*; *Alex in Wonderland*; *Blume in Love*; *Harry and Tonto*; *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* and now *An Unmarried Woman* (all of which he wrote or co-wrote and directed)—Mazursky has created a body of work unmatched in contemporary American cinema for its originality and cohesiveness.

Mazursky is his own man, and his films are not only very much *his*, they're completely *him*. And he, as any middle-class moviegoer will see from his films, is us—struggling through the Me Decade, trying to make connections with the world and ourselves—and, if we're lucky, laughing with sweet understanding at the whole cockeyed caravan of modern life. And this middle-class life is, as Erica describes it, "part Mary Hartman, part Ingmar Bergman."

The plot of *An Unmarried Woman* is as familiar as last night's TV movie. An intelligent, middle-aged woman finds herself alone—widowed, or divorced, or just fed up with marriage—and discovers the pains and joys of self-sufficiency in an age when "liberation" has become something more than an advertising slogan and something less than a cure-all for the housewife blues. But it's what Mazursky does with the jangling skele-

As a director, he's no dictator; he's more like a fond co-conspirator, assisting actors in their fight against stereotype

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

ton of a story like this that makes him and his films uniquely savory. To use two phrases that Esalen and est have robbed of almost any resonance: He investigates *feelings*; he gives his characters *space*.

Mazursky is one of the new generation of gifted directors who have brought a vaguely European concern with what Mazursky has called "inner journeys"—character studies, really—back home to traditional American genres and concerns. But most of the others (Robert Altman, Alan J. Pakula, Hal Ashby, Martin Scorsese) are interested in the behavioral extremes. Give Altman a handful of All-American flakes, and he'll end with a shootup or a breakdown; give Scorsese the story of a bebop musician, and he'll turn it into *psychopathia saxualis*. Mazursky is different. Maybe once a movie, some character will get pissed or pissed off, and throw a soggy punch. But he's more interested in the tensions that lead up to the explosion and the humiliation that follows. In a Mazursky movie, the only organ likely to be perforated is the protagonist's ulcer.

Mazursky's films are comic in the best sense. They show an understanding of life as a comic joke (okay, so let's get on with it, maybe there's a terrific punchline) and a generous response to modern man and woman in their infinite variety (everybody's beautiful in their own way). Only in a Mazursky movie would you find a denizen of Washington Square Park playing "Fur Elise" on a steel drum. Only Mazursky could have found Paul Jenkins, the abstract "phenomenist" whose paintings are featured in *An Unmarried Woman*: They look like a Technicolor sunrise crossed with a Smile button. The movie ends with Erica carrying one of Jenkins' paintings—a parting gift from her lover—staggering under the weight of this oversized reflection of happiness. Like most of Mazursky's movies, *An Unmarried Woman* spends its time in real-life today, and ends somewhere over the rainbow.

Even the creeps and stinkers—Erica's husband, Martin (Michael Murphy), who abruptly leaves her for another woman, and Charlie (Cliff Gorman), the penny-ante stud joker—are, at bottom, nice people. No, that's too simple: Mazursky shows us enough of these people to see them as something more than soap-opera stick figures. He does this by giving his characters, and his actors, *space*—space to grow, and breathe in. Sure, Martin's a shit for walking out on his wife. But by the time he breaks into sobs on the street, burbling about how he's got to get out and he still loves Erica but he loves another woman too and is going to live with her and he met her at Bloomingdale's for Christ's sake—by this time in the movie, we've spent 25 or 30 minutes with Martin, and can see that this ordinarily successful stockbroker is starting to feel like a caged animal. Yes, domesticated; yes, fed regularly (meals three times a day, sex twice a week); but suffering like a cougar in the Central Park Zoo, and perhaps even reveling in it, because he knows it will precipitate a break from the respectable WASP he's been and force him into a situation that's a little reckless, or exciting, or maybe just different.

"It's a daring scene," Mazursky says of Martin's confession, "though I never thought of it as daring when I wrote it. Some people who saw early screenings of the film were very nervous about the scene. A man crying! Why can't he just *tell* her? A couple of men said, 'No real man would ever do that.' But then I talked with a man in Lubbock, Texas, who saw a preview. He told me"—and here Mazursky switches into a baritone drawl that's a perfect imitation of the Panhandle *patois*—" 'That scene got me, buddy. Y'know, I had the same story. M' marriage fell apart like a two-dollar watch; the springs come out. Fact, it happened t'me twice!' "

Mazursky's background as an actor and acting teacher helped him develop a remarkable sensitivity to actors, and an ability to extract the best and most natural performances. As a director, he's no dictator; he's more like a fond co-conspirator, assisting actors in their fight against stereotype. His direction of Martin's big scene tells a lot about the reasons actors trust him, and work so well with him. "Michael Murphy and Jill Clayburgh had a good idea of each other's capabilities by the time we did this scene. So I shot it—out on the street, with the lunchtime SoHo people all around us—without a rehearsal. It was a little scary. Jill wanted to know if she really had to throw up; Michael asked me if he should really cry. I told Michael I didn't know quite what was going to happen: 'She may hit you. She may walk away.' By this time Michael, who's a brilliant actor, was a nervous wreck. And this fit into my design. The possibilities for danger created in Michael an anxiety which was very good for my purposes. The problems in shooting the scene would be very good for their problems as actors."

Cliff Gorman's problem was to make Charlie something a bit more complex than what Mazursky calls "the black-and-white cliche character, Macho Johnny." Charlie is always on, and always coming on to Erica. "There's work, there's food, and there's sex. That's the whole ball game," he tells the still happily married Erica, who shoots him down by saying, "You're out of style, Charlie." Later, when Erica has gone without sex for seven weeks following Martin's departure, she decides to pick up Charlie. During their uneasy foreplay, Charlie is still garrulous ("I want you to understand, babe, I never get involved with my women") and arrogant (when Erica has finally undressed, Charlie puts his hands on her breasts and draws her to him by her nipples). But: He's funny; he's sexy. Erica has a good time. And when it's over, Charlie tries to make a date for the next night; she refuses. She leaves the apartment. Charlie walks to his loft window, looks out on the street, picks up a pipe and lights it.

"To me," says Mazursky, "that's one of the most important moments in the picture. When you screen the picture for the fortieth time, you've got a stopwatch in your head; you're saying, 'Where can I take out some fat?' And what some people might consider fat are usually some of my favorite moments in the movie. Now, in terms of plot, Erica walks out the door and the scene's over. But in terms of humans, in terms of understanding why Charlie later picks a fight with Erica's new lover, in terms of understanding Charlie, it's the most significant moment. Without it, he wouldn't totally lose dimension, but he'd be different. Especially the fact that it's a pipe—Cliff's choice, by the way. A cigarette, a cigar . . . he'd be another person." Charlie moves from cardboard cutie to celluloid flesh-and-blood. The moviegoer's attitude moves from "I know *him*" to "I *know* him!"

Mazursky is always doing this: setting up challenges to our prejudices and preconceptions about people. There's Erica's friend Elaine (Kelly Bishop), whose encounters with men have shellacked her until she's hard as PermaNails; chatting about old-time movie stars, she suddenly bursts into a tearful tirade; she calms down, and her last line in the scene is, "I liked Rita Hayworth. She was pretty"; the camera stays on her face long enough for us to see a resemblance: She's a not-quite Rita Hayworth. Then there's Erica's wise, spunky daughter, played by Lisa Lucas, who—it's the first thing you notice—could through no genetic eccentricity be the daughter of Jill Clayburgh and Michael Murphy; they're light and soft, she's dark and sharp. The next thing you no-

tice is that it doesn't matter, because Lucas is a spectacularly sensitive actress. Finally you see the manner and mannerisms of Clayburgh and Lucas reflect off each other: like mother, like daughter.

There's the woman therapist (Penelope Russianoff) whom Erica sees after the breakup. She's an extraordinary-looking woman; you might say funny-looking. She talks to Erica with singsong placidity, like a sixth grader counseling her third-grade sister. In an ordinary movie, these overtones would be keying the audience to laugh at the therapist; and some audiences do laugh here. But what she says makes sense. She tells Erica of her own divorce and painful resurfacing; she suggests that Erica might start seeing men—"They're people, too, you know." The therapy is a success: Erica starts seeing men; she stops seeing the therapist. At a party, they meet again; and (don't blink, you'll miss it) Erica's eyes follow the woman as she walks away with another woman: They're holding hands. Does the possibility that the therapist is a lesbian invalidate her advice? "We've gotten so used to extremes that we've got to be careful," says Mazursky. "I believe that that woman could be a lesbian and still advise Erica to see men."

Mazursky is cautious about categorizing his own characters. It's as if he's saying: Who ever knows everything about a person? Even Erica. "I really don't know her the way people think I know her. She's a creation. She really is made up. As a joke, I told one interviewer: 'I am the unmarried woman.' I don't know, is that a joke? I guess there are similarities. I know I'm always looking to find out a little bit more about who I am. That sounds stuffy, but what it really means is: just being a little less afraid."

It's a subtle slur on Mazursky's creativity to see his male protagonists as daydream extensions of himself, and thus to guess that Erica is perhaps Betsy Mazursky, Paul's pretty, blond, almost eerily serene wife, to whom the film is dedicated. "We've been married 25 years on March 14. I knew that the picture was coming out around that time, so I gave her the cheapest—or most expensive—gift possible. She's very honest with me, and I'm happy to say she likes the movie. Betsy is obviously the most important woman in my life. She's been with me through everything, and she's helped shape a lot of my ideas about woman, and women. But she's not the unmarried woman. She's *a* married woman."

Every married or unmarried man would like to think of himself as Alan Bates' Saul Kaplan. Good at his job, good with people, good in bed. Mazursky doesn't create psychopathic devils, but he occasionally limns a secular saint. Saul falls in love with Erica (and she with him) and asks her to spend the summer with him in Vermont. She refuses; her mind and the Zeitgeist tell her she needs to be on her own a little longer. Her only co-respondent is the seventies. Saul is the one character in *An Unmarried Woman* nobody argues over. Everybody else is fair game for instant analysis. Including, and especially, Erica. It's a mark of Mazursky's respect for women and his audience that he allows Erica to be occasionally unreasonable, petulant, even hysterical. She could, for example, show a little sympathy when Martin breaks down in front of her. Her reaction is understandable, but nonetheless brutal. Then again . . . I asked my wife what her reaction would be if I were to do what Martin did. She replied: "Walk away, and throw up." Who ever knows everything about a person?

A lot of directors look like their movies. Jean Renoir has a face that radiates a knowledge of, and openness to, the possibilities of human experience. Howard Hawks could have been John Wayne's lean, Ivy League brother. Sam Peckinpah looks authoritative, burnished, a little wasted; if there were a magazine called *Outdoor Butch*, he'd be their Man of the Year. Alfred Hitchcock has a look of impish malevolence—the schoolboy who stuck a little girl's pigtails into formic acid. Francois Truffaut seems gentle, intelligent, sympathetic; you'd tell him your problems, he'd listen and say nothing, you'd feel better.

Paul Mazursky should look like an American Truffaut. The two filmmakers share a critical, but ultimately optimistic, view of life, approached from an oblique, metacomic angle. Their films are primarily character studies that stress the importance of those off-moments when revelation takes the form of the smallest smile, or an unexpected caress, or the lighting of a pipe. Because of this emphasis, both men know how crucial an actor's contribution to a movie can be; more than that, they love actors, and love to act themselves. Finally, both occupy that select circle of filmmakers who deserve to be called great.

But you'd never cast Paul Mazursky to play himself in one of his own films. True, his manner is unfailingly generous; in the time we spent together, he never uttered a discouraging word about rival filmmakers or the rare,

MICHAEL ABRAMSON

"I don't even know what 'commercial' means... If I did *Jaws*... he'd be a shark with an identity crisis..."

Mazursky Breaks

1

2

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4

5

8x10 Portraits of the Artist as His Own Man

The Fifties: (1) as the serious actor; (2) as the stand-up comic; (3) as incarnated by Lenny Baker in *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*. A Star Is Still-Born: (4) Mazursky's "Academy Award" performance in *Fear and Desire*; (5) as a high-school punk with evil designs on Glenn Ford in *Blackboard Jungle*. Going Hollywood: (6) *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* (with Bob & Natalie & Dyan & Elliott); (7) Harry (Art Carney) and Tonto; (8) love (Susan Anspach) and Blume (George Segal). Scenes From An Unmarriage: Erica (Jill Clayburgh) finds (9) lorn love (Michael Murphy), (10) self-love, (11) true love (Alan Bates).

unflattering critic. But Mazursky is also sharp, cagey, New York Jewish, New York funny. He looks like a former Catskills comic (he was); he looks like the hustlers and agents he's played in his own pictures and in *A Star Is Born*. Whereas the male protagonists (Harold, Bob, Alex, Blume) in what are almost routinely called his autobiographical films are supervisors and copers, Mazursky himself looks like a fighter and a winner—the indestructible Harry of *Harry and Tonto*, the indomitable Erica of *An Unmarried Woman*. Fifteen years in the California sun may have mellowed Mazursky, but didn't turn him into an orange. At 47, he's still got the edgy energy of a kid from Brooklyn.

Mazursky was fresh (if not downright impudent) out of Brooklyn College when, in 1951, he got his first break: a big part in *Fear and Desire*, which was the first feature film for a young photographer and fellow loiterer in Washington Square Park named Stanley Kubrick. Never mind that the finished film was turned down by all the major studios, and then picked up by a small independent distributor—the experience was heady enough for the tyro actor to induce visions of gold statuettes. "The Academy Award speech that Lenny Baker makes to himself on the subway platform in *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* is really the one I made up on the plane coming back from shooting *Fear and Desire* in California," Mazursky recalls. "I mean, I was on the screen for about an hour; I went crazy; I raped Virginia Leith . . . I figured I couldn't miss."

He figured wrong: The Oscar went to William Holden that year, and Mazursky was back in New York, scrounging for work as an actor and comedian. From the perspective of a quarter-century later, he can see those early days as an exciting time—exciting enough to be chronicled in *Next Stop*, and to be remembered fondly. "I did a lot of summer stock. It was an interesting company of actors, all in their twenties, doing Shaw, Shakespeare, Chekhov. I played Willy Loman, old Sorin in *The Seagull*, Undershaft in *Major Barbara*; I was 24 years old. And then I'd come back to New York, audition for a four-line part in a Broadway show. And not get it."

It's easy to trace Mazursky's sympathy for an actor's talents and needs to his own time spent in the trade—a story that sounds like a road-company version of *Sisyphus*. After *Fear and Desire* . . . tough times. After another break, the role of a supporting J.D. in *Blackboard Jungle* . . . tough times. "From '55 to '59, when I moved to California, I almost never had an acting job that lasted for as much as three weeks. And I suffered from all the phobias that hit an

L. to R. - TOP: CLOVELLY; LEE PALTERMAN; MOVIE STAR NEWS (3). BOTTOM: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART / FILM STILLS ARCHIVE (2); MOVIE STAR NEWS. AN UNMARRIED WOMAN: 20TH CENTURY-FOX.

unemployed actor. Like the Glossies Problem. These photos of yourself—the ones you send to the agencies and producers—become the key to your life, and they're terribly expensive. But if a year goes by and you don't get work, you figure it was because of the 8x10. I must have paid for thousands of portraits. One 8x10 had six poses on it, just to show my range: the leering me, the funny me, the me with old-man makeup, another me where I look like Paul Henreid—in a white jacket with a cigarette dangling out of my mouth. I missed a great chance in *Next Stop* when I didn't include a scene at a photo session. It could have been hilarious." Even without that scene, *Next Stop* is amusing and touching and truthful enough. Even the casting of the then-unknown Lenny Baker in the lead role is touching—a substantial gift of encouragement to all the young Mazurskys out there scrounging for a break, to an actor who's a photo-realistic portrait of our artist as a young man.

An actor's life is tough; a comedian's life can be suicidal. Playing to an unresponsive audience can trigger something more frightening than a castration complex: You've exposed your funnybone, and they're cutting it off. Besides, who can tell what makes 'em laugh? Says Mazursky: "I'm in the Statler-Hilton in Dallas—not one laugh. Okay, so I'll quit. Then I play the Hungry i in San Francisco, and they laugh at everything. I get 10 minutes' applause. Okay, so I'll only play San Francisco." By the late fifties, Mazursky had teamed up with writer Herb Hartig for a comedy act called Igor and H. "I was Igor. And for a couple of years we were very successful in this wonderfully intimate world of people like Julius Monk, Mike and Elaine, Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters. That world consisted of maybe 5,000 people, all going to the same clubs—but it was still wonderful."

Soon he was supervising, and acting in, the L.A. company of *Second City* with his new partner, Larry Tucker, with whom he would collaborate on sketches for Danny Kaye's TV show, on an unproduced script called H-Bomb Beach Party, and on his first three films. *Bob & Carol*, Mazursky's first film as a director, was a substantial hit. The possibility of "another *Bob & Carol*" plus Mazursky's relatively low budgets (in the neighborhood of $2 million, which for Hollywood is low-rent) have a lot to do with keeping Mazursky bankable and have given him complete freedom to make his own films the way he wants.

"I don't think: Will *An Unmarried Woman* be commercial? I didn't go to the theaters on opening day to watch the crowds. I never have. I don't even

Clayburgh: Too Smart!

LOUIS GOLDMAN

The opening sequence of *An Unmarried Woman* is concerned with Manhattan minutiae, and this is not disconcerting; in a Paul Mazursky film one expects such loving detail. In fact, a long, lingering shot of the Queensboro Bridge draws an audible gasp from the Sunday late show audience—New Yorkers in love with New York. What one does not expect is that the heroine of the film will be treated also (almost) as scenery or, perhaps, just allowed to be as stark and demanding as the city itself.

When first we meet Jill Clayburgh (Erica), she is jogging along the Upper East Side, a small gray figure against the bleached-out riverscape. How different this is from the opening of *Coming Home*—another jogging sequence—in which Bruce Dern pounds along, every bulging vein and throbbing tendon standing out in relief against the blazing blue sky. Yes, she could be almost just another New York detail; but the camera stays with her, and, as she moves into close-up, we know somehow that, heroine be damned! this is not a Star. At the moment of impact—ours with her—the film has not suddenly gone 3-D, we have not experienced that adrenaline rush, that almost-terror of a big-screen face, which makes even the colors seem brighter. And it is only when the scene, which has started out as a pan of the New York City skyline, ends in a clump of dog shit, that we realize what Clayburgh is all about. Erica's husband, who has stepped in what by now is a self-parodying NYC cliché, accuses *her* of willing such a fate (messing up his $35 running shoes), and her reaction, a slightly gaga laugh and then this *look* . . . is what sets her apart as an actress: We know what she's thinking.

The movies (and television and advertising) have never been particularly adept at showing "real" people—and possibly for good reason: No one wanted to see them. Movie stars tended to veer from the glamorous to the (in Sherwood Anderson's sense of the word) grotesque. Even today. Even Jane Fonda (no matter how real she is, and she is a brilliant instinctual actress) possesses a supernatural fluidity and grace that Jill Clayburgh, with her odd voice (a cross between a grown-up Edith Ann and a growl, that Alan Bates gently mocks at one point in their affair) and slightly awkward body, does not. Fonda could represent you; Clayburgh could *be* you.

Which probably explains her career thus far. Clayburgh has been good before. In *Hustling*, a TV movie adapted from Gail Sheehy's book, she was originally thought of for Lee Remick's part as the reporter, but she ended up being totally convincing as the tough/vulnerable street-smart hooker. And she has struggled valiantly in turkeys like *Gable and Lombard*. But it wasn't until *An Unmarried Woman* that her peculiar talent was wedded to a perfect role.

Clayburgh may be a frail reed, but she's a thinking reed. When she is acting out (at the beginning of the film she performs an inspired, if ungainly, *Swan Lake*), you are aware of the fantasy in her mind. In a traumatic scene, when her husband, breaking down, choked up, tells her it's all over . . . and she just stares at him—her pale blue and wide-set eyes seeming to grow bluer and even wider apart—she delays the dramatic moment and lets us watch her think. You can fairly hear her ticking through the years—the twice-a-week-sex, the kid, the apartment, the house in the Hamptons that was about to be only a moment before—and then watch as it dawns on her that she'd really like to kick him in the balls, the schmuck, before she collapses, throws up. When she is upset (in, for instance, the regrouping scenes after her husband leaves her for a younger woman), she shows us that hers is more than an emotional condition. The distance she provides, the distance she *requires*, is really her begging for a moment to sort out her thoughts. And when she visits a shrink, and goes through a long riff about her first period, you can see her casting about for a way to delay coming to grips with her sadness—trying to outthink the emotion, which becomes, for the audience, an instantly recognizable emotion in itself.

The Clayburgh phenomenon, then, refutes the formula which might inspire a director to fall in love with and boost the career of a covergirl, and the one which assumes that mental processes are not photogenic. Jill Clayburgh proves that getting in touch with your thoughts can be—at least in the hands of a Mazursky—as interesting cinematically as getting in touch with your feelings.

—*Tracy Young*

know what 'commercial' means. I suppose I could look at the weekly grosses in *Variety*, and say, 'Ah, I should make *Jaws*.' But you know my stuff. If I did *Jaws*, the shark would be just a little bit neurotic, and he'd be worrying about some other, bigger shark, and wondering why these men are out to kill him. He'd be a shark with an identity crisis."

An Unmarried Woman is a critical success. It would be nice to see it become a popular hit as well. Not for Mazursky's sake—after years of therapy, which he's now completed, he should be able to cope with anything—but for our own. The moguls have to be told, through the box office, that there's a middle class out there big enough to support marvelous films like *An Unmarried Woman*, very good films like *The Turning Point*, even poor films like *Julia*. The studios have to understand that the $20 million that went down the drain on an action-adventure bomb like *Sorcerer* could finance a dozen movies that could at least try to be as human and likable and superbly made as *An Unmarried Woman*. Hollywood has to relearn that there's something more to movies than special effects. Something like the special, affecting people you'll find in a Paul Mazursky movie—or, if we're all very lucky, watching it.●

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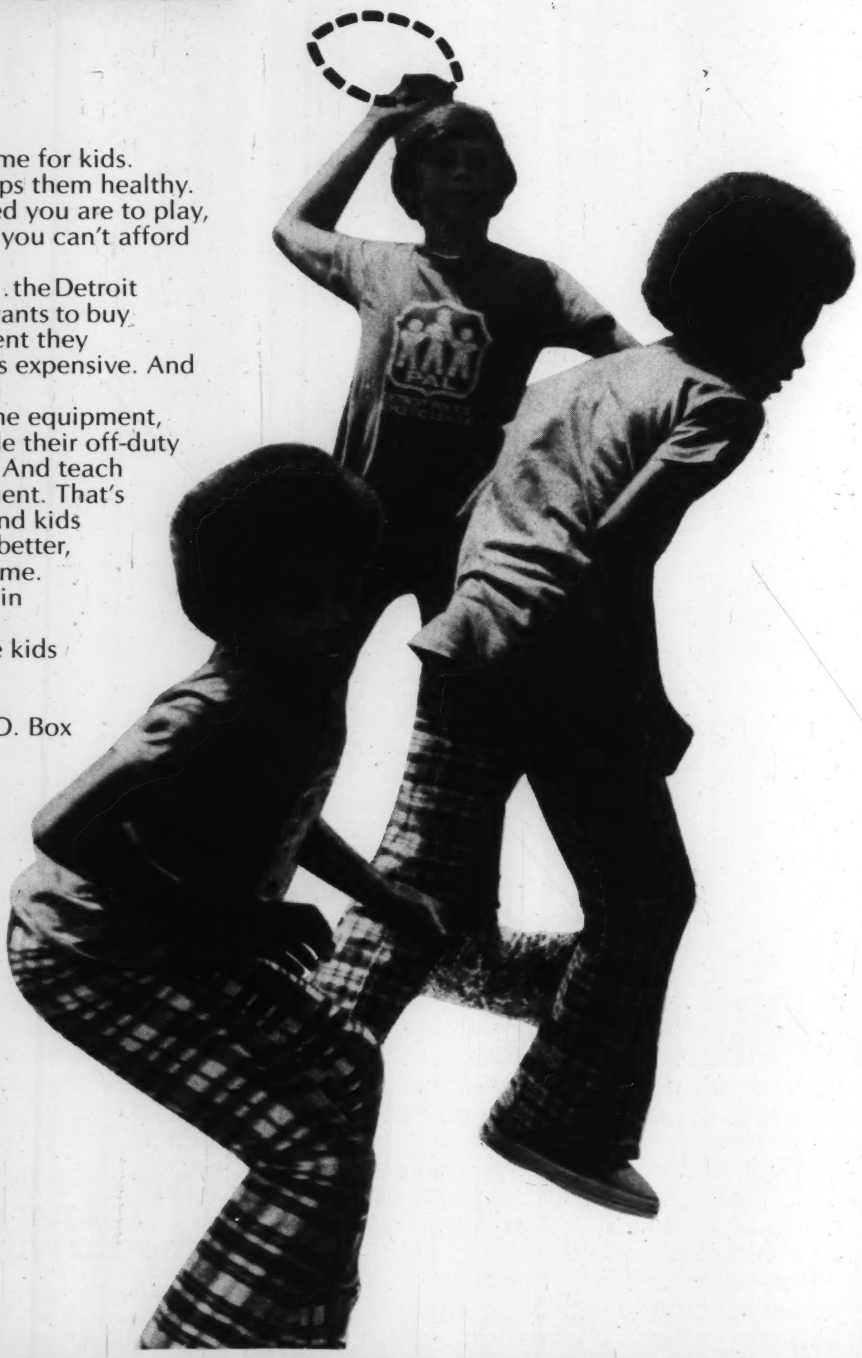

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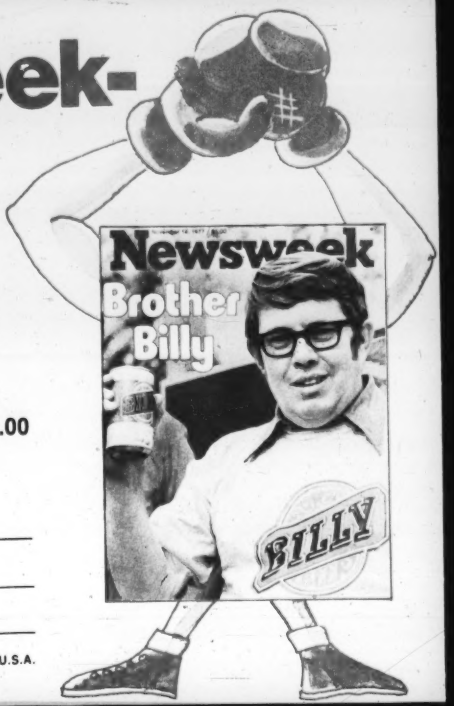

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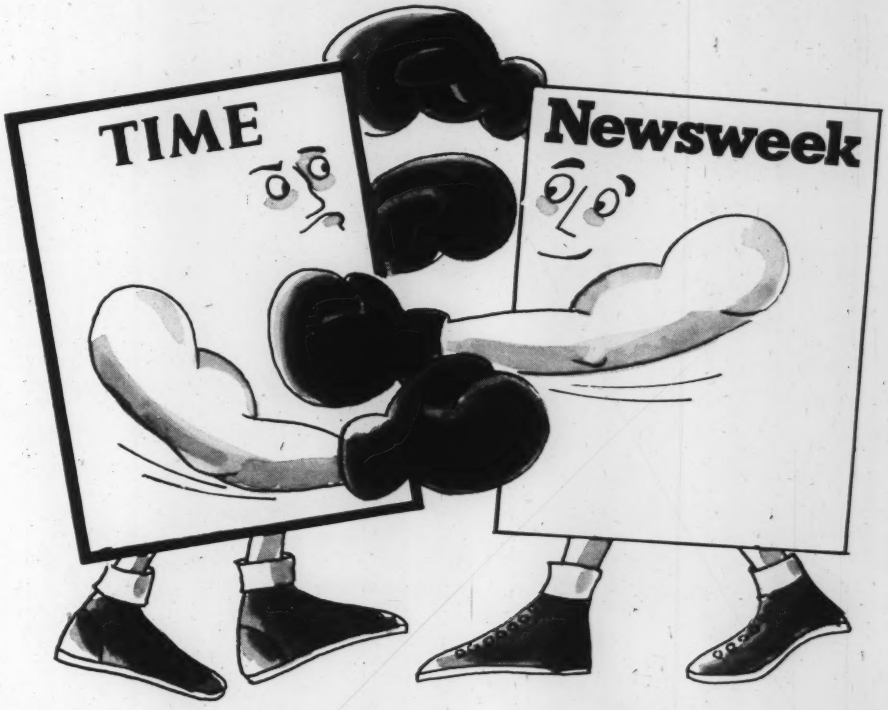

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Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

PLIMPTON GOES A FEW ROUNDS WITH PAPA AND ALI

Shadow Box
by George Plimpton.
Putnam
(351 pp., illustrated; $9.95).

Dismissing this or that writer with her customary imperiousness, Gertrude Stein announced that anecdotes are not literature. Like so many of Miss Stein's judgments, this one is true, and George Plimpton, despite his huge investment in the anecdotal, would probably agree it is true. But if he has not fashioned from his participatory journalism anything that Stein would recognize as "literature," he has nevertheless made something else, and it is something good.

A small part of *Shadow Box* is in the convention of *Paper Lion* and *Out of My League*. This time, rather than Walter Mittying his way to a position on a professional baseball or football team and bringing back the news, Plimpton engages in brief combat against Archie Moore.

But there are suggestions, delicately laid, that this particular exercise in haplessness is more consequential to Plimpton than such of his other experiences as playing the triangle with a symphony orchestra or photographing a Bunny for *Playboy*. After his "fight" with Moore, Plimpton is asked by a stranger who watched the episode in Stillman's Gym: "Well, kid, what did you get out of it?" Plimpton replies lightly, almost flippantly, but the man's question has weight, and as the book progresses it becomes evident that its author will not, this time at least, hit his subject and run. That experience in the ring with Moore—not long before Cassius Clay became heavyweight champion—mattered, and Plimpton would be a fan and student of boxing thereafter.

Boxing is rivalled only by bullfighting as a preoccupation of writers. And indeed, two of the writers, Hemingway and Kenneth Tynan, who have celebrated the spectacle of bullfighting, play prominent parts in *Shadow Box*.

And just as Hemingway depended in his account on the extraordinary skills of giants—Belmonte, El Gallo,

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

Joselito and Manolete—so is Plimpton's anatomy and meditation subsumed by the huge, vital, singular and entirely wonderful person of Muhammad Ali. Plimpton reports Hemingway's words about El Gallo, that "you knew that if a bull should ever gore and kill him, and you should see it, you would know better than to go to any more bullfights." And this, as Plimpton writes, belongs in the company of Ali's belief, uttered years before he went out last month to Leon Spinks, that "if he were ever beaten, it would be the finish of boxing."

The Ali of *Shadow Box* is overwhelming and complicated. So much does this book belong to him, as boxing has belonged to him, that it is difficult to realize sometimes how often Ali was in fact beaten before last month. By Frazier, of course, and Ken Norton, and most egregiously by the pismires who took away his title and his life in 1967 after he refused to fight Viet Congs because none of them had called him a nigger, or otherwise made him cross. Win or lose, Ali is *there*, and that's that.

What to celebrate? His generosity, recollected here by way of a bus trip north from Miami that he organized after he took the title from Liston. Plimpton was there, watching, while Ali drove the converted Greyhound and danced and told stories when he wasn't driving. Or the first major interview Ali gave after he was beaten by Frazier, granted the morning following the fight to a couple of high school reporters putting together a mimeographed newspaper. Plimpton, again, saw and caught this remarkable bit of plain good will, and patience, and resurrected here it is simply astounding, an encounter only Ali could have enabled. One of the kids asked, in 1971, "What is it like to . . . lose . . . I mean." And Ali reached for an answer, with gravity and care, an answer that would be worthy of him and true. No *bavarde* this time, just the thing he felt: "I'm not ashamed."

But I'm suggesting, I guess, the soap operatics that *Shadow Box* rightly shuns. Plimpton outfoxes death by living right out at the edge, doing, thinking, sensing, judging, sharing. So he is the perfect man for Ali. They are both men of curiosity and appetite . . . Yes, of course: What *is* there to say about Ali that you don't know eight ways from Sunday? What there is to say, Plimpton says.

And, not least by way of the anecdotes for which Gertrude Stein had so little regard. My favorite is an episode in Denver just before the Liston rematch in Maine. Ali made his way to Liston's house alone, and at three in the morning drove his bus into Liston's front yard and began yelling for that sullen bear to wake up and come out, he was going to whip his ass there and then. Liston came to the door dressed in his underwear, and from that point Plimpton quotes Ali's description of what passed: "Three in the morning. He chased me down the street and I took off, jumping over bushes, and I could look back and see him coming after me through the moonlight—it was like a cartoon with the mummy coming through the trees. I was too fast for him, leaping over hedges, and I could hear him calling out, ' . . . crazy . . . crazy . . . you must be crazy!' " And they asked why Liston dropped in the 1st?

Plimpton has been everywhere with Ali, and a large portion of *Shadow Box* tells of the whacky month he spent in Zaire, in the company of Norman Mailer and Hunter Thompson among very many others, waiting for Ali to regain his title from Foreman. That languid month perfectly suits Plimpton's manner, smooth and deliberate, tak-

ing sightseeing detours, getting the sense of things in his own sweet time. Zaire also perfectly suits Plimpton's relish of the comically absurd, things seen out of their fit place or proportion. He is a collector of the ridiculous. It is characteristic of the spirit of *Shadow Box* that you will learn in its pages that the former Ambassador to Ireland, Raymond Guest, once wrestled an alligator out of a swamp near a golf course, and had the unfortunate animal translated into a golf bag. Or that Norman Mailer dreams of being swallowed by a whale off Provincetown.

But absurdities can have depth and class, as well as shine. It is like Plimpton to have had his ears open when Ali described his sense that chaos was at hand, that he was about to lose a fight. Ali said it was like opening a door into what he called the Near Room. The Near Room was a place he could go when he got in trouble in the ring, and it was the wrong place to go, the easy place; a door swung half open and he could see "neon, orange and green lights blinking, and bats blowing trumpets and alligators playing trombones, and . . . he could hear snakes screaming. Weird masks and actors' clothes hung on the wall, and if he stepped across the sill and reached for them, he knew that he was committing himself to his own destruction."

Plimpton has perfect equipment for a reporter. He is lucid and unobtrusive, can carry great chunks of information in a clean expository current giving way at crucial moments to such exotic detours as the one I have quoted above. He is never less than generous to his subjects, always fair and appreciative for the license he has been granted.

He is bedevilled, however, by a gimmick. Or perhaps, more innocently, it is merely a tic. This is an almost coy self-deprecation, an assumed innocence and frivolity that verges on the collegiate: *Imagine poor little me in the ring with the great Archie Moore . . .*

A final cavil: Plimpton's appeal, in common with the appeal of every journalist playing out of his league, depends upon the execution of a stunt. And stunts can verge on silliness, can violate proprieties. Tony Galento boxed a bear, and an octopus, and these laughable affairs did nothing to rob Galento of his dignity, because Galento had none. But there is something wrong, just slightly *off*, about asking Archie Moore to fight, pretend to fight, sort of fight George Plimpton. It isn't precisely like the offness one experiences when a bullfighter mocks a bull, uses his horn as a hatrack, let's say, or a make-believe telephone. There is no wish to humiliate here, of course, but the proper display of Moore's powers is confused.

I sound like graybeard writing this; "Heaviosity," as Woody Allen might say. But something of what I mean to say has been captured by Plimpton himself, reporting a bare-fisted sparring incident between Hemingway and a most reluctant Gene Tunney, whom Hemingway had teased and bullied into the encounter. Hemingway got out of hand, as usual, and threw a low punch: "It outraged Tunney. He feinted his opponent's guard down, and then threw a whistling punch, bringing it up just a millimeter short of Hemingway's face, so that the fist and the ridge of bare knuckles completely filled the other's field of vision, the punch arriving there almost instantaneously, so that immutable evidence was provided that if Tunney had let it continue its course, Hemingway's facial structure—nose, cheekbones, front teeth, and the rest—would have snapped and collapsed inwardly, and Tunney looked down the length of his arm into Hemingway's eyes and said, *'Don't you ever do that again!'*"

Something of the same thing happened to Plimpton when he decided he would like to try a few rounds with Ali, and write about them. Ali seemed troubled by the proposal, even angry. One day Plimpton stood in a crowded elevator, and when the doors opened there was Ali, facing him. And what Tunney did to Hemingway, Ali did to Plimpton, exactly. But with generous good will, to tease, to liven things up, as a practical joke. Still, there he was, and there was the fist, the power, the serious business that he did. The Ali–Plimpton match never came off, because Norton broke Ali's jaw. And as for me, I'm glad it didn't come off, glad for Plimpton, and especially glad for Ali. ●

RECORDS by Jim Miller

Johnny Rotten has left the Sex Pistols. Back in Great Britain, obits for punk have already appeared; according to the English rock press, the latest sound is "power pop." Oh, well. Call it simply "new wave" if you will, but, whatever it is, it still seems to be on tap from U.S. record labels.

Blondie's **Plastic Letters** (Chrysalis), the second album from this New York quartet, is a vast improvement over their first. The sound and image of Blondie are largely defined by Deborah Harry, whose sultry innocence evokes the Shangri-Las of girl-group fame. The Farfisa organ of James Destri and the guitar of Chris Stein provide modestly baroque obbligatos (shades of the Doors), while the production of Richard Gottehrer alludes to Phil Spector without slavish imitation.

Deborah Harry sometimes projects her disembodied sexuality through dated rock styles, but Blondie is no oldies band. Instead, Harry, Destri and Stein have written a batch of new songs that allow her sensual irony to inhabit a number of weird roles—from a sexually frustrated sniper to an American slipping microfilm to the Commies. "Love at the Pier," for example, is essentially a love song, but there are complications: "Soon we were sharing our fear/Fell in love at the pier." After weathering an impotent stab at playful molestation, our heroine retreats: "Now I go to beaches with my girlfriend." Here as elsewhere, Harry plays on an ambiguity of gender. Thus "Denise" by Randy and the Rainbows becomes Blondie's "Denis," with a French accent and even a French verse.

"Denis" also illustrates the extent to which Blondie delights in reworking familiar material. We know the riffs and roles from previous pop, and from pulp fiction; but the parts are usually reversed or inverted. The result is a series of mordant vignettes that recall Randy Newman and Elvis Costello as much as any girl group. Unlike most New York new wave performers, Deborah Harry knows how to haunt a song with a human presence. She is cool without being coy.

Cool is one label no one will pin on Pere Ubu, a new wave band from Cleveland: Their first album, **The Modern Dance** (Blank), is too relentlessly ugly, in its own artful way. Not for Ubu the misogyny and willful nastiness that clutter the repertoire of second-string punkers; as the Chinese poster art on the cover suggests, this is music with a political vengeance. *Musique concrete* for a concrete jungle, replete with lurching fuzz riffs, sax *a la* Albert Ayler and taped urban noise, *The Modern Dance* navigates the narrow gap between trash and truth. Where the Sex Pistols promised the apocalypse, Pere Ubu inventory the debris in its aftermath; to judge from the hysterical warbling of the lead singer, it isn't a pretty sight (I never much liked Cleveland, either). Amidst all the punk hoopla about living on the existential edge, it's nice to know that someone has actually gone ahead and wallowed in the industrial abyss. ●

a history of running sportswear

(SOMEWHAT CONDENSED)

Epoch 1 (423 B.C. to 1976 A.D.)

FROM THE BACK OF THE PACK

In ancient Greek culture, clothing was a clearly defined symbol of social and economic status. We note here a class of government workers employed by the Greek armies to carry messages (on foot) to and from the battlefronts. These "runners" as they came to be called were assigned a very low status in the overall structure of the society.

The messengers in fact were held in such low esteem they alone among all public servants were not provided a formally designated "uniform".

Spear carriers, archers, even the lowly foot soldiers were accorded their own special "look" in clothing designed to help them function effectively on the battlefield. But not the runners.

In addition, these messengers were notoriously underpaid and thus incapable of purchasing distinctive garments for themselves. (Is this sounding all too familiar?) As a result the runners wore castoff clothing designed for other uses and clearly unsuited to the needs of the messenger/runner. Or—as is the opinion of many historians—they wore nothing at all. According to

legend this is the precise state in which the famed Phidippides arrived at Athens after his celebrated jog from Marathon.

And although Phidippides became a minor folk hero as the result of his extraordinary performance, the Greeks for the most part continued their adulation of the more muscular athletes who engaged in the physical contact sports of the day.

The years passed and so it went for the runner.

As public taste in sporting activities shifted to modern sports, runners found that if they were still largely ignored by clothing makers, at least the quality of the castoffs was improving.

But these garments were still designed for use in totally different sports. As such, they remained unacceptable for the runners' unique requirements.

Swimmers obviously do not share the runner's imperative need for clothing to help them stay dry. Tennis players call off the game if it gets too cold or wet (a luxury not available to runners). And basketball is played indoors.

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Epoch 2 (1976 A.D. to Present)

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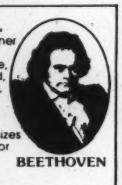

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The Lady of the Lake/by Paul Slansky

FINAL TRIBUTE

What can you say about a two-ton hippo that died? Before her 19-day bid for freedom reached its unhappy ending, Bubbles, 7, of Laguna Hills, California, had been proposed as a symbol for women's liberation, had quickened the pulses of tired radicals eager to see someone else do battle against "the system," and had become America's most improbable celebrity since Don Ho.

The story began around midnight on February 13, when Bubbles and her year-old calf, Tiny Bubbles, were spotted at the edge of town by a young man returning from an evening of bowling. The police, when called, initially suspected the fellow's sobriety, but after several more hippo sightings were reported, officers were dispatched to the scene. They followed the animals' tracks back to Lion Country Safari animal park, which mother and daughter had re-entered the same way they had escaped—by burrowing under a rain-weakened chain-link fence.

A 24-hour "hippo patrol," complete with floodlights, was set up to prevent other members of the herd from setting out on similar midnight strolls, but the guard was no match for Bubbles' wanderlust. On the night of February 18, the pair was discovered in a nearby irrigation reservoir; the following evening, when they left their watering hole in search of dinner, they were brought down by tranquilizer darts. The 800-pound Tiny Bubbles went home by Jeep, but her mother's return was less triumphant—she was transported back to captivity, with a Highway Patrol escort, in the bucket of a (large) bulldozer.

Meanwhile, the herd had been moved indoors to avoid further insubordination. The two unconscious desperadoes were put in a separate enclosure until the drugs wore off. When that happened, in the pre-dawn hours of February 20, Bubbles promptly staged a solo break, squeezing her rather ample frame through a 4½-foot-high, 30-inch-wide gap in the metal corral gate that had slammed behind her a few hours before.

She was sighted the next day in reed-choked Laguna Lake, adjacent to Laguna Canyon Road, but heavy rainfall and thick fog made it difficult to keep her bobbing nostrils in sight. Things proceeded uneventfully until the night of February 27, when the sound of screeching brakes alerted park rangers to the fact that Bubbles had crossed the 50-mph highway and had taken up residence on the other side. Her new habitat was "Clucker" Lake, a former catch-basin swelled by the heavy rains, and named after Steve (Clucker) Clark, one of the rangers who had pulled marathon hippo duty.

The next day, crowds began to gather to cheer Bubbles on, creating a potentially dangerous situation. Hoping to discourage these visitors, park officials warned that they might have to shoot her if she threatened human life. (FUGITIVE HIPPO FACES SHOOT-TO-KILL ORDER, bellowed a *Herald-Examiner* headline.) Naturally this had the opposite effect, bringing out additional hordes of protesters who otherwise would have been content to watch the drama unfold on the nightly news.

By this time the hippo drama had become a media event to rival the SLA shoot-out. (The *L.A. Times* ran the story on the front page for 20 days.) T-shirts bearing the legend "Laguna Beach is a Hippo Sanctuary" appeared around town. Of course, all this fuss made Bubbles understandably reluctant to stray too far from her domain. The rangers were therefore unable to drug her, since there was the distinct possibility that, once tranquilized, she might return to the lake and drown. They constructed an elaborate trap, which proved useless on several occasions. Days passed.

On March 10 the park and the highway were closed, and all available personnel converged on Clucker Lake. An attempt was made to use heavy construction equipment to churn the water and drive Bubbles out, but the machinery became irretrievably mired in mud before it caused the slightest ripple. Three network helicopters happily buzzed the lake to further encourage its evacuation, also to no avail. Another day, another wallow.

At around 10:30 p.m. Bubbles emerged in search of the alfalfa, hay and cabbage which rangers had been leaving for her. But instead of sticking close to shore, she boldly strode 125 yards from the water. Her path of retreat was blocked, tranquilizer darts were fired, and America's ultimate Happy News story suddenly turned sad—Bubbles toppled over and slid down a small hill, landing upside down against a tree with her body elevated above her head and her considerable weight pressing against her diaphragm. Despite the efforts of park officials to relieve her, she died of "respiratory distress" at 11:45 p.m. An autopsy showed that she had been five months pregnant.

The next night, as floral wreaths and casket arrangements arrived at the park and plans were being made to exhibit Bubbles' skeleton at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, NBC's *Saturday Night Live* delivered the final indignity with a tasteless joke about her death. The audience response was appropriate—a moment of deafening silence for Bubbles.

R. Van Nostrand/National Audubon Society/Photo researchers

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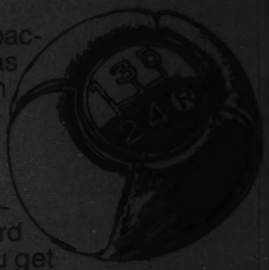

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